35d

The Golden Book of FAVORITE SONGS

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BURLINGTON, WASH.
NUMBER

Revised & Enlarged

HALL & McCREARY COMPANY
CHICAGO

CONTENTS

CLASSIFIED INDEX

Children's Songs..... 76 to 96
Christmas Songs..... 66 to 75
Civil War Songs..... 10 to 18
College Songs.....116 to 125
Folk Songs..... 24 to 52
Miscellaneous Songs.....102 to 111
National and Patriotic Songs.....3 to 19-100 and 101
Negro "Spirituals".....95 and 97
Old Folks' Songs.....112 to 115
Peace Songs..... 20 to 23
Religious Songs..... 53 to 66
State Songs.....98 and 99
Stunt Songs.....126 to 128

READINGS

American's Creed, The..... 3
First Christmas Carol, The.... 66
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.. 2
National Prayer, A..... 18
Pledge To The Flag..... 2
Twenty-third Psalm..... 58

SONGS

Abide With Me..... 59
Adeste Fideles..... 72
All Through The Night..... 41
Alouette..... 128
America..... 3
America The Beautiful..... 7
Annie Laurie..... 39
Anvil Chorus..... 20
Are You Sleeping? (Round)... 121
At Pierrot's Door..... 86
Auld Lang Syne..... 37
Away In A Manger..... 72
Battle Cry Of Freedom, The.. 16
Battle Hymn Of The Republic 12
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms..... 46
Bell Doth Toll, The (Round).. 24
Bird's Return, The..... 91
Blest Be The Tie That Binds.. 60
Blue Bells Of Scotland..... 38
Baa! Baa! Black Sheep..... 76
Broom, The (Round)..... 119
Bull-Dog, The..... 117
By Yon Bonnie Banks..... 36
Capital Ship, A..... 94
Carry Me Back To Old Virg'y. 32
Central Will Shine..... 121
Close Your Eyes, Lena Darling 108
Columbia, Gem Of The Ocean 6
Come All Ye Faithful..... 72
Come Thou Almighty King... 56
Come, With Thy Lute..... 110
Comin' Thro' The Rye..... 37
Cousin Jedediah..... 113
Cradle Song..... 81
Cuckoo, The..... 85
Darling Nelly Gray..... 31
Dearest Spot, The..... 52
De Bezem (Round)..... 119
Deck The Hall..... 66
Dickory, Dickory, Dock..... 76
Dip, Boys, Dip The Oar..... 102
Dixie..... 10
Doxology, The..... 65
Drink To Me Only..... 46
Emmet's Lullaby..... 108
Farewell To Summer..... 91
Farmer, The..... 92
Farmer In The Dell..... 92
Farmyard, The..... 93
Father In Heaven..... 23
First Noel, The..... 67
Flag Of The Free..... 5
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.... 35
From Every Spire On Christmas Eve..... 70
Gaily The Troubadour..... 125
Glad Christmas Bells..... 69
Go Down, Moses..... 97
God Be With You Till We Meet 62
God Bless Our Native Land... 3
God Of The Nations..... 20
Good Morning To You..... 82
Good Night (Round)..... 31
Good Night, Ladies..... 116
Goodbye, Goodbye To Summer 80
Go To Sleep, Lena Darling.... 108
Graduation Song..... 111
Gymnastic Relief, A..... 128
Hail, Columbia..... 9
Hail, Hail..... 126
Hail To The Chief..... 40
Ham And Eggs..... 127
Hard Times Come Again..... 28
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing. 68
Harp That Once Thro' Tara's. 47
Heart Bowed Down, The..... 49
Hey, Diddle, Diddle..... 76
Hello, Speaker (A Greeting)... 126
Holy Ghost With Light Divine 64
Holy, Holy, Holy..... 56
Home, Sweet Home..... 24
Hop, Hop, Hop..... 85
How Can I Leave Thee..... 30
How D'Ye Do..... 126
How Firm A Foundation..... 72
I Ain't Gwine Study War..... 97
I Cannot Sing The Old Songs. 116
I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day..... 71
Illinois..... 99
Indian Lullaby..... 78
Integer Vitae..... 23
In The Gloaming..... 104
In The Prison Cell I Sit..... 14
It Came Upon The Midnight.. 68
I Think, When I Read..... 62
I Wandered Today To The Hill 50
I Will Sing A Lullaby..... 85
January And February..... 90
Jesus, Lover Of My Soul..... 61
Jesus Loves Me..... 63
Jesus, Tender Shepherd..... 58
Jingle Bells..... 120
John Brown's Body..... 13
Jolly Old Saint Nicholas..... 75
Joy To The World..... 71
Juanita..... 52
Just Before The Battle Mother 16
Kathleen Mavourneen..... 48
Keep The Home Fires Burning 19
Keller's American Hymn..... 14
Killarney..... 43
Largo..... 54
Last Night The Nightingale... 105
Last Rose Of Summer..... 41
Laugh Provoker, A..... 127
Lead Kindly Light..... 64
Lightly Row..... 86
Little Bo-Peep..... 77
Little Brown Church..... 110
Little Dustman, The..... 96
Little Jack Horner..... 77
Little Man, A..... 84
Little Tom Tinker (Round)... 124
Little White Snow Drop..... 83
Loch Lomond..... 36
Long, Long Ago..... 34
Long Trail, The..... 128
Loreley, The..... 109
Lovely Evening (Round)..... 70
Love's Old Sweet Song..... 45
Lullaby And Good Night..... 81
Luther's Cradle Hymn..... 72
MacDonald's Farm..... 126
Maple Leaf Forever, The..... 101
March Of The Men Of Harlech 102
Marseillaise Hymn..... 100
Massa's In The Cold Ground.. 30
Merrily, Merrily (Round)..... 125
Michigan, My Michigan..... 98
'Mid Pleasures And Palaces... 24
Mine Eyes Have Seen The Gl'y 12
Minstrel Boy, The..... 51
Morning Prayer..... 88
Mummy Song, The..... 126
My Bonnie..... 121
My Country 'Tis Of Thee..... 3
My Faith Looks Up To Thee.. 59
My Old Kentucky Home..... 26
Nearer, My God, To Thee.... 61
Now 'Neath The Silver Moon. 104
Now Thank We All Our God.. 65
Now The Day Is Over..... 57
O, Beautiful For Spacious Skies 7
O, Come All Ye Faithful..... 72
O, God Beneath Thy Guiding. 22
Oh! Jacob, Get The Cows..... 113
Oh! Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast..... 38
Old Black Joe..... 25
Old Dog Tray..... 28
Old Folks At Home..... 27
Old Hundredth..... 65
Old Oaken Bucket, The..... 106
O Little Town Of Bethlehem.. 73
O Me! O My! (A Toast)..... 126
Once In The Dear Dead Days 45
Onward, Christian Soldiers.... 57
Our School Days Are Passed.. 111
Patriots, The..... 96
Perfect Day..... 128
Praise For Peace..... 23
Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow..... 65
Quilting Party, The..... 125
Reuben and Rachel..... 99
Revolutionary Tea..... 112
Robin Adair..... 39
Robin And Chicken, The..... 79
Robin Redbreast..... 80
Robin, The..... 89
Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep..... 53
Row Your Boat (Round)..... 50
Safely Through Another Week. 60
Sailing..... 118
Santa Lucia..... 104
Scale Song..... 79
Scotland's Burning (Round)... 36
Seeing Nellie Home..... 125
See-Saw, Margery Daw..... 77
Silent Night..... 67
Singing In The Rain..... 82
Slumber Song..... 91
Smiles..... 128
Softly Now The Light Of Day. 66
Soft O'er The Fountain..... 52
Soldier Boy..... 88
Soldier's Farewell, The..... 124
Solomon Levi..... 122
Sound The Loud Timbrel..... 114
Spanish Cavalier, The..... 123
Speed Our Republic..... 14
Spring, The (Round)..... 106
Stars Of The Summer Night... 27
Star-Spangled Banner, The.... 4
Susy, Little Susy..... 87
Sweet and Low..... 42
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.... 95
Tell Me The Tales..... 34
Tenting Tonight..... 15
There Are Many Flags..... 98
There Was An Old Lady..... 112
There's A Church In The Valley 110
There's Music In The Air..... 34
Those Evening Bells..... 107
Three Blind Mice (Round).... 119
Three Fishermen, The..... 124
'Tis Springtime..... 90
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp..... 14
Tree In The Wood, The..... 127
Twinkle, Little Star..... 84
Uncle Ned..... 29
Up On The House-Top..... 75
Vacant Chair..... 13
Waiting To Grow..... 83
'Way Down Upon De Swanee. 27
Wearing Of The Green..... 44
Welcome, Neighbor..... 126
We're Tenting Tonight..... 15
We Shall Meet, But We Shall Miss Him..... 13
We Three Kings Of Orient.... 74
When I Was A Lady..... 87
When Johnny Comes Marching 18
When Swallows Homeward Fly 107
When The Corn Is Waving.... 33
When You and I Were Young. 50
Where The Elm Tree Branches 82
While Shepherds Watched.... 74
Woodman, Spare That Tree... 103
Work For The Night Is Coming 58
Yankee Doodle..... 8
Years Of Peace..... 22

ROUNDS

Are You Sleeping?..... 121
Bell Doth Toll, The..... 24
Broom, The..... 119
De Bezem..... 119
Good Night..... 31
Little Tom Tinker..... 124
Lovely Evening..... 70
Merrily, Merrily..... 125
Row, Row, Row Your Boat... 50
Scotland's Burning..... 36
Spring, The..... 106
Three Blind Mice..... 119

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS

Revised and Enlarged

A Treasury of the Best Songs of Our People

(202 songs, 192 of which are with music)

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(Twentieth Edition — Revised)

HALL & McCREARY COMPANY
CHICAGO

Responsive Readings

LEADER: *Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord,*
And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.
ASSEMBLY: Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.
LEADER: *When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.*
If thou hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God,
The Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth.
Psalms

UNISON: We hold these truths to be self-evident:
That all men are created equal;
That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights;
That among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;
That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Thomas Jefferson

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

LEADER: *Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.*
ASSEMBLY: Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.
LEADER: *We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.*
ASSEMBLY: It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground.
LEADER: *The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.*
ASSEMBLY: The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.
LEADER: *It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.*
ASSEMBLY: It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;
That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. Abraham Lincoln

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LEADER: *God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are his children,—brothers and sisters all.*
ASSEMBLY: We are citizens of these United States, and we believe our Flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works.
LEADER: *Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare; she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.* Mary McDowell

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UNISON: The Flag means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. We must have but one flag. We must also have but one language. This must be the language of the Declaration of Independence. Woodrow Wilson

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Pledge To The Flag

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, One Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

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America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

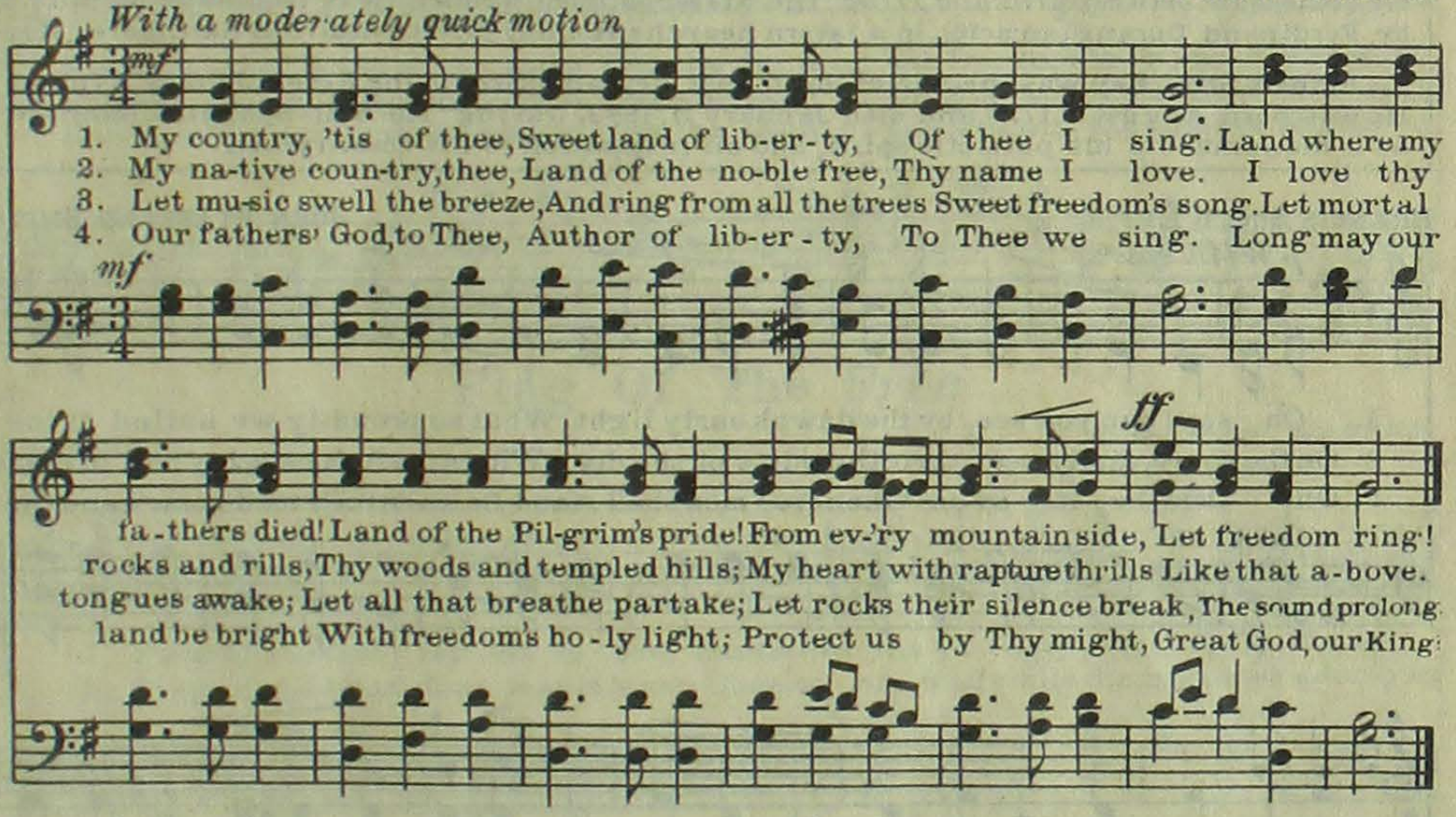
America was written by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, a Baptist minister, who was born in Boston, October 21, 1808, and died November 16, 1895.

One of Dr. Smith's friends was Lowell Mason, the eminent musician. A friend had given Mr. Mason a lot of German music books. Being unable to read German the musician took the books to Dr. Smith and asked him to translate some of the songs for him.

Dr. Smith says: "Turning over the leaves of the book one gloomy day in February, 1832, I came across the air, 'God save the King.' I liked the music. I glanced at the German words at the foot of the page. Under the inspiration of the moment I went to work and in half an hour 'America' was the result. It was written on a scrap of paper I picked up from the table and the hymn of today is substantially as it was written that day."

The hymn was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Park Street Church, Boston. It did not have great popularity until the Civil War. Since then it has become the best known and most frequently sung of any of our national songs. The origin of the music is uncertain. But one writer aptly says: "There certainly must be something more than ordinarily inspiring in an air which has struck the popular heart of two of the great nations of the earth."

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — HENRY CAREY (?)



God Bless Our Native Land

(Tune — America)

1. God bless our native land,
   Firm may she ever stand
   Through storm and night!
   When the wild tempests rave,
   Ruler of wind and wave,
   Do thou our country save,
   By thy great might!

2. For her our prayers shall rise,
   To God above the skies,
   On him we wait;
   Thou who art ever nigh,
   Guarding with watchful eye,
   To Thee aloud we cry,
   God save the state!

CHARLES T. BROOKS AND JOHN S. DWIGHT

The American's Creed

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies." — William Tyler Page

The Star-Spangled Banner

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was composed under the following circumstances:

It was on the evening of September 13, 1814, during the War of 1812, that a British fleet was anchored in Chesapeake Bay. A Dr. Beanes, an old resident of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, had been captured by the British and sent as a prisoner to Admiral Cochrane's flagship.

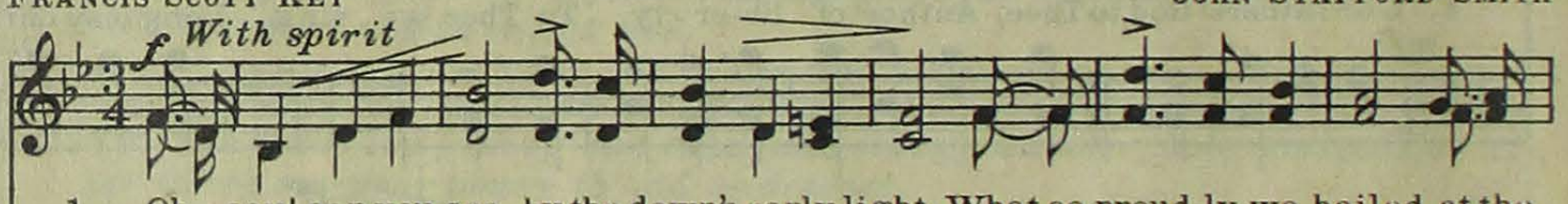
Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, hearing of the misfortune of Dr. Beanes, who was his personal friend, hastened to the British commander to endeaver to have his friend released. The enemy was about to attack Fort McHenry, so refused to allow Mr. Key and Dr. Beanes to return until after the fort was captured.

All through the night of September 13th, the bombardment was kept up, and in the light of the "rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air" they could see the American flag still waving over the old fort. And when, in the first rays of dawn of September 14th, he still beheld the same glorious banner waving from its accustomed place, Francis Scott Key wrote the words of that wonderful song "The Star Spangled Banner."

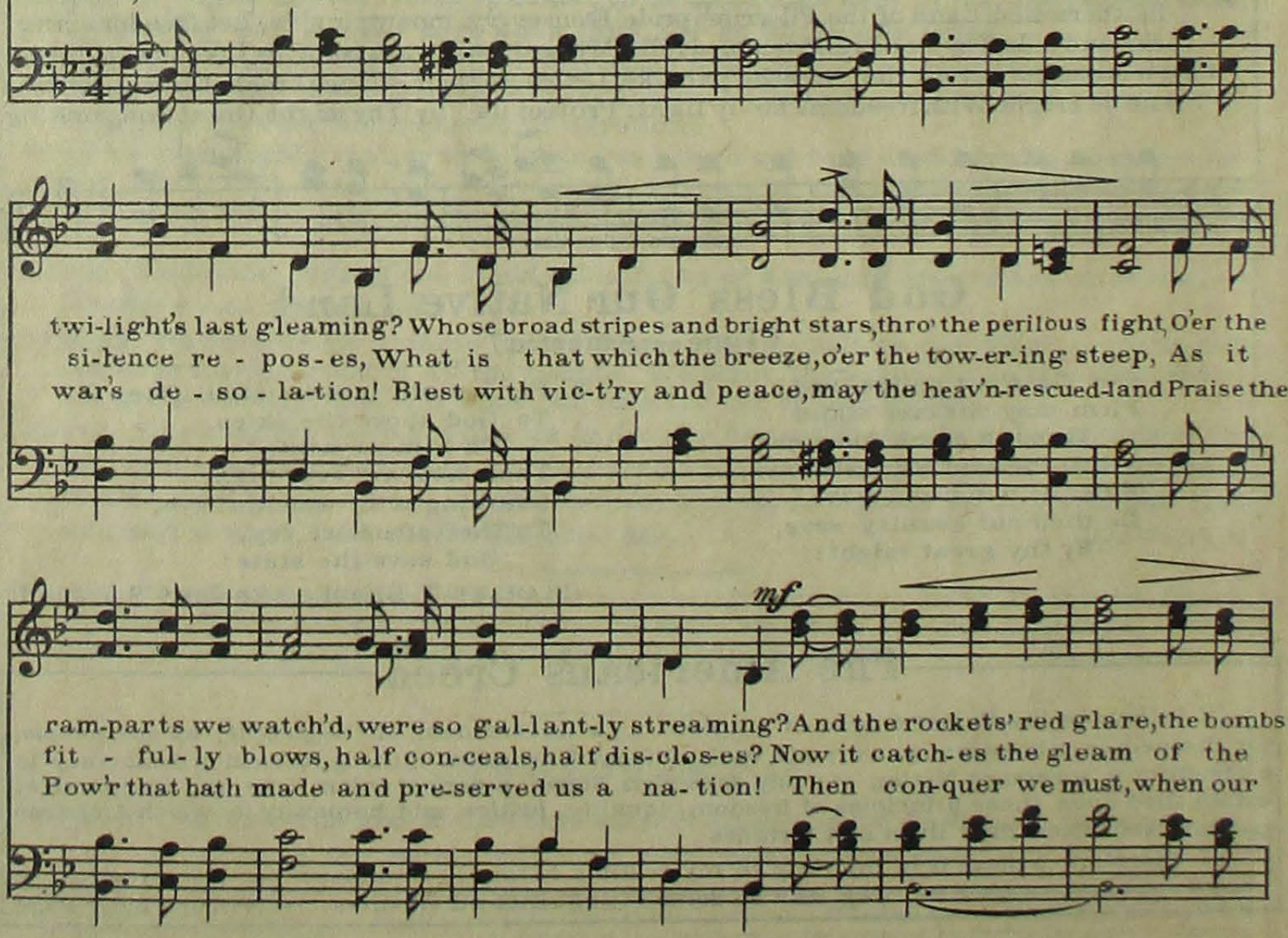
The next day Key went ashore, and, after copying his poem, showed it to a friend and relative, Judge Nicholson, who saw its worth and at his suggestion it was printed. Soon after it was adapted to an old English air known as "To Anacreon in Heaven," the composition of which is credited to John Stafford Smith, who is supposed to have written the music some time between 1770 and 1775. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in public by Ferdinand Durang, an actor, in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore, Md.

Francis Scott Key was the son of John Ross Key, an officer of the Revolutionary Army. He was born August 1, 1779, and died January 11, 1843, leaving "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a monument to his patriotic spirit, and an inspiration to his countrymen.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN STAFFORD SMITH



1. Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the

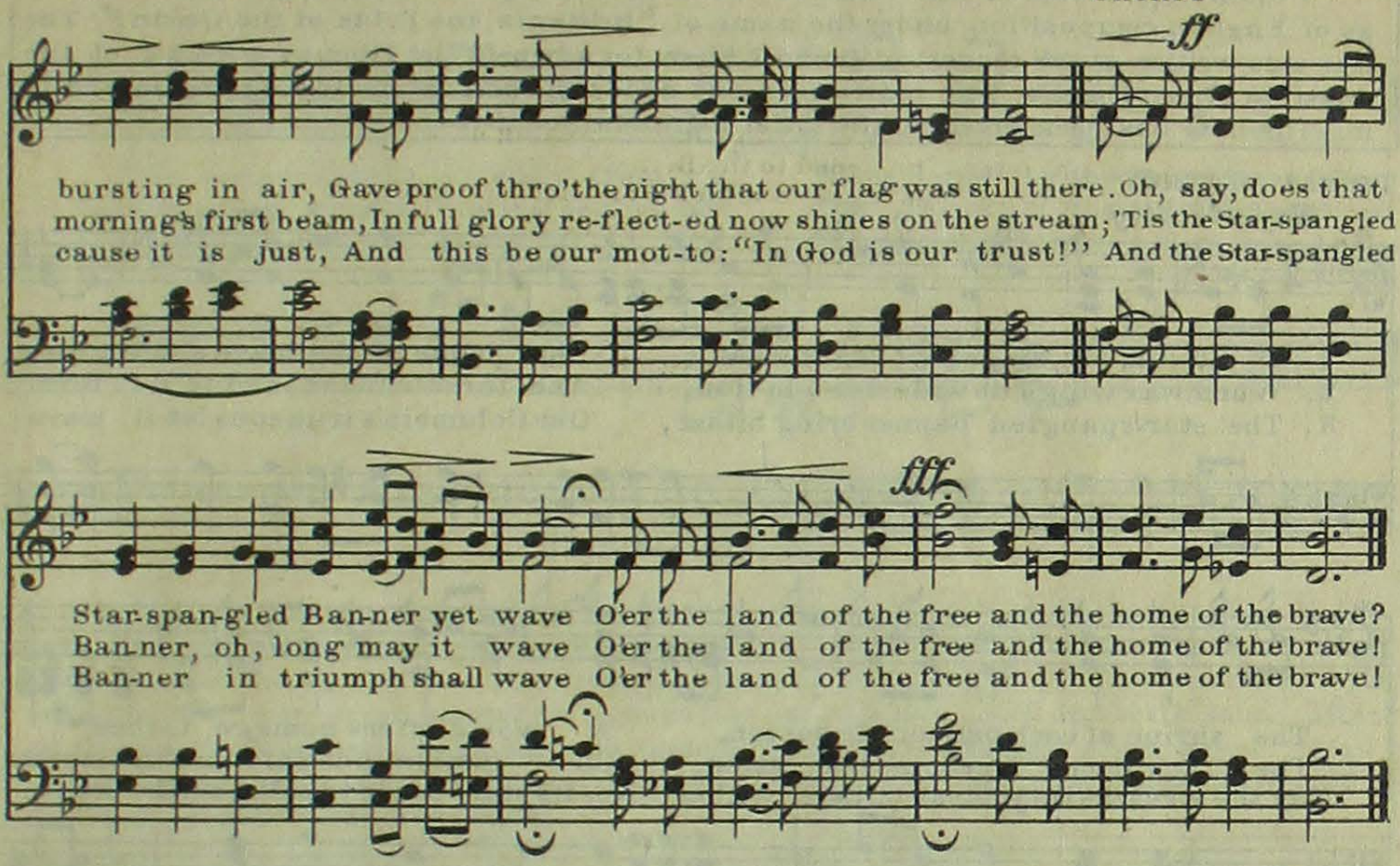


twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si-lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
war's de - so - la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued-land Praise the

ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

The Star-Spangled Banner—Continued

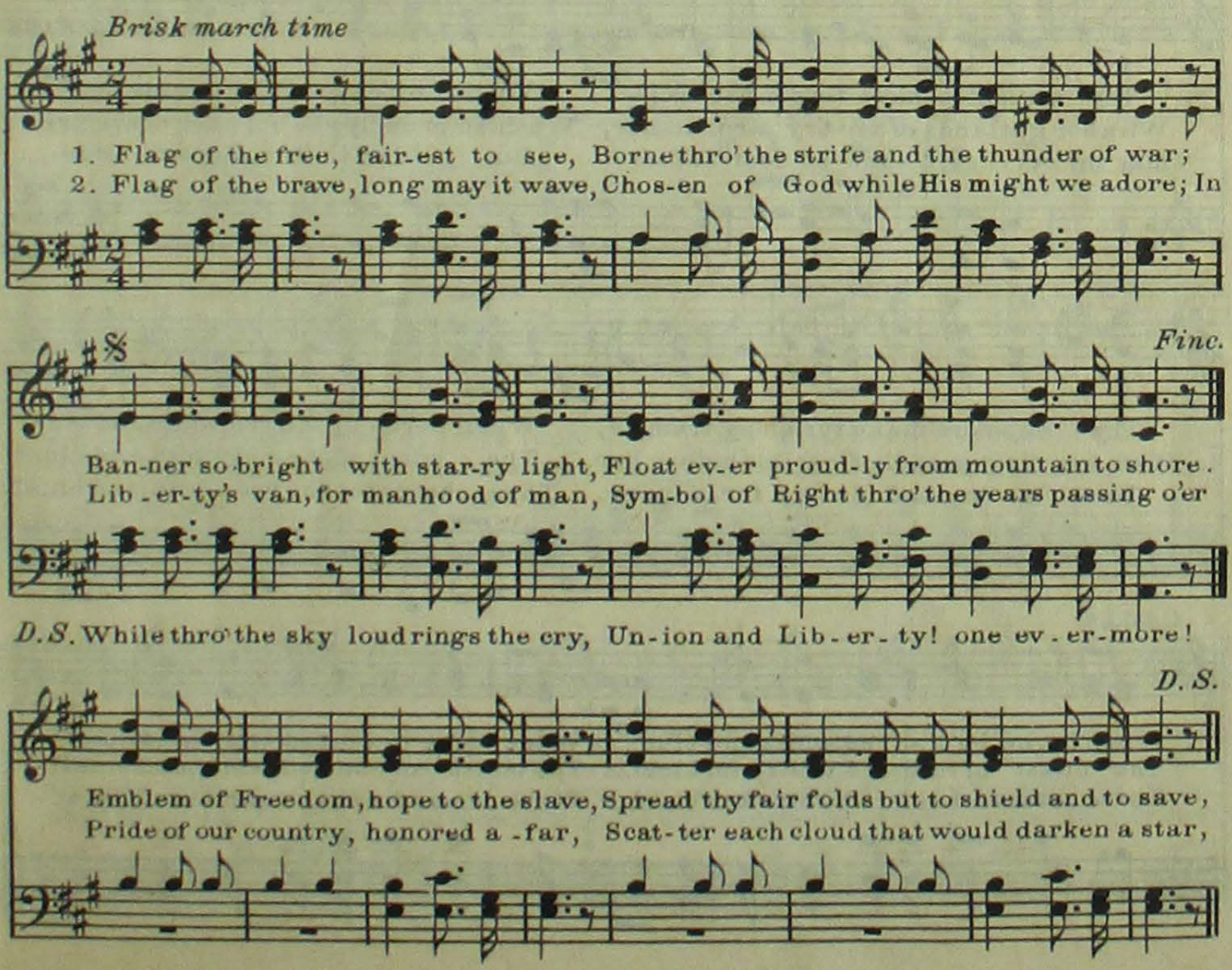
CHORUS



Flag Of The Free

UNKNOWN

ARR. FROM WAGNER

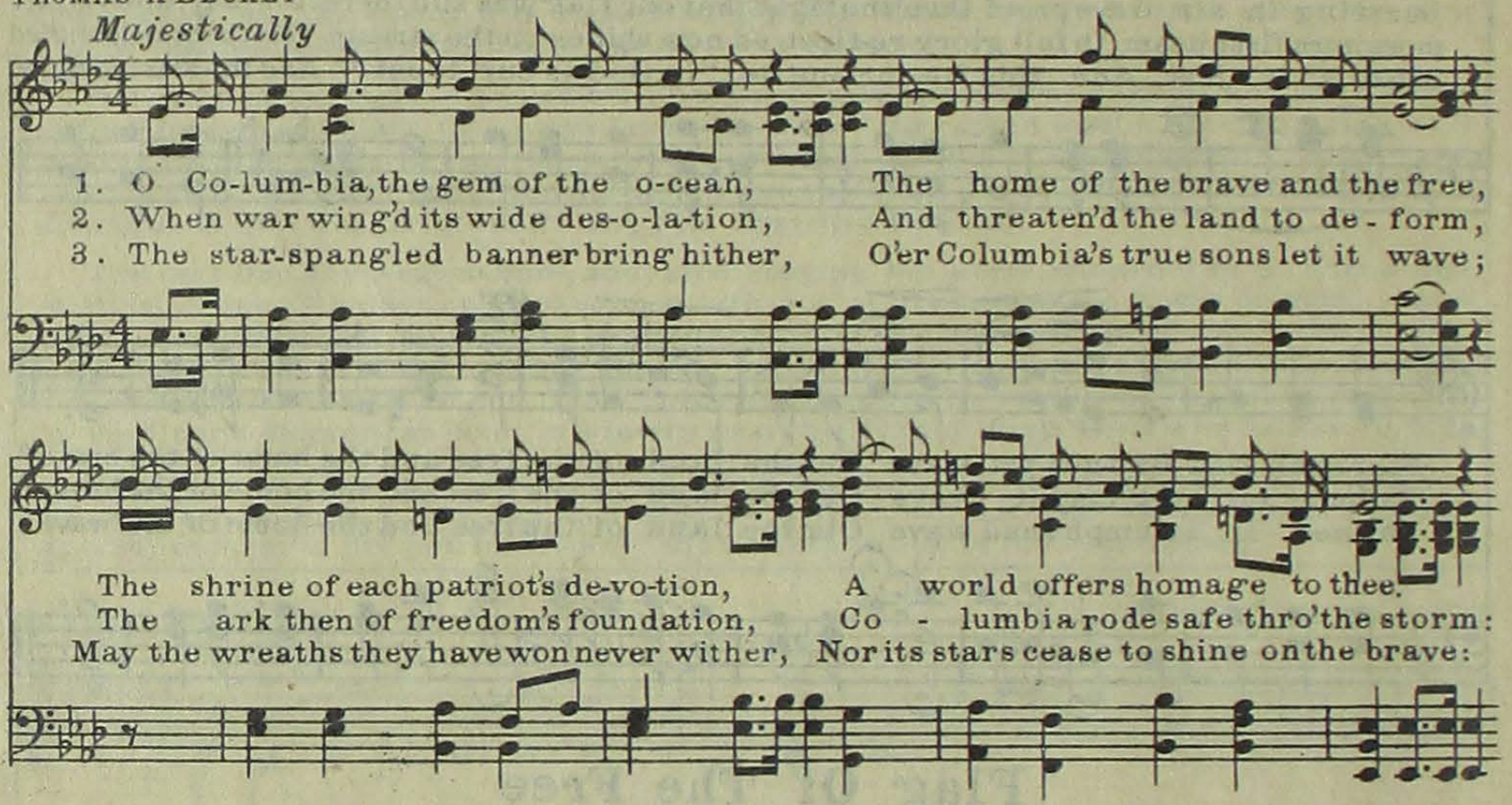


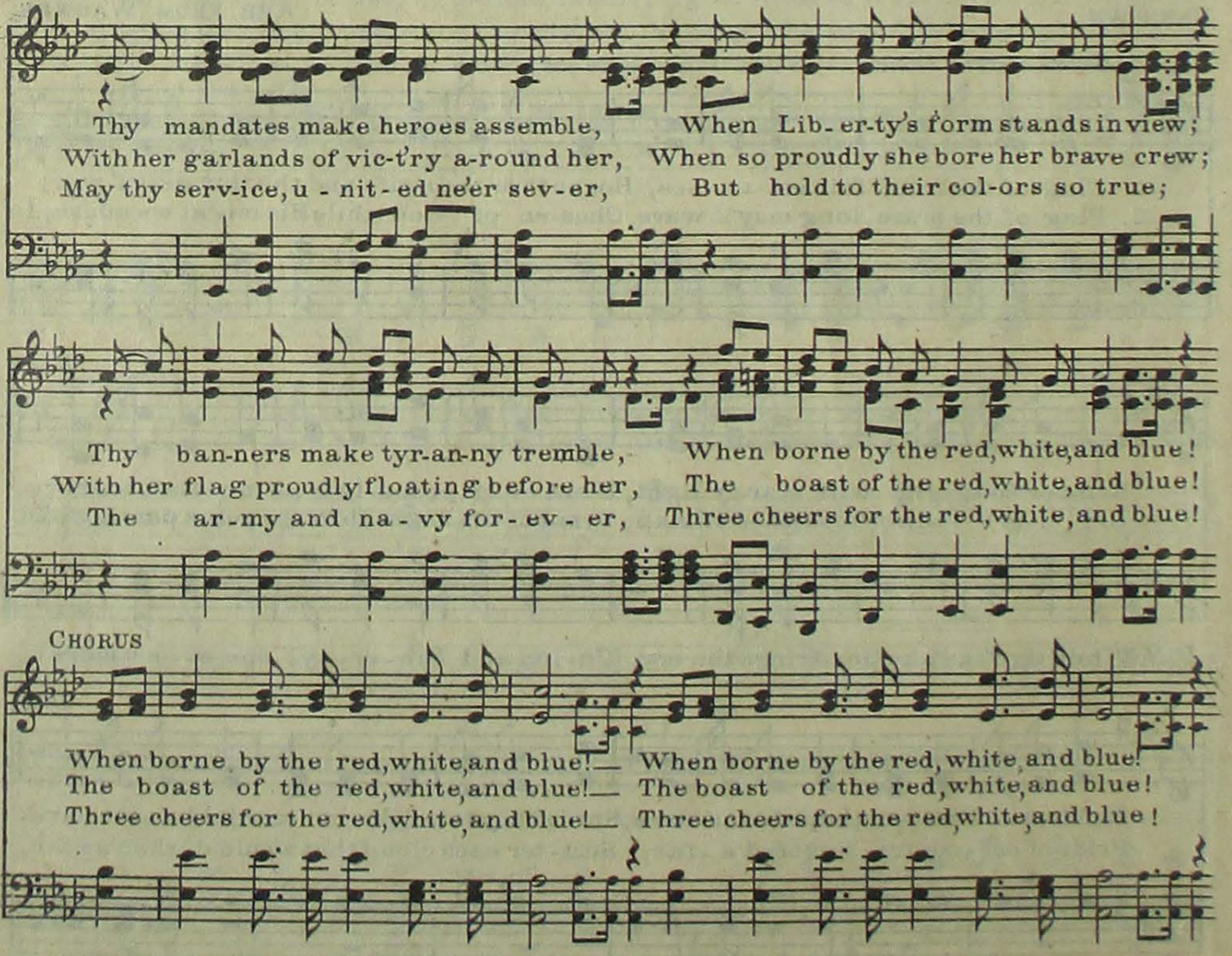
Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean is of uncertain origin. The melody has been claimed as of English composition, under the name of "Brittania, the Pride of the Ocean." The text was written at the request of David T. Shaw for a benefit, by Thomas a' Becket of the Chestnut Street Theatre, who rearranged and added the present beginning and ending to it. The date has been given by the latter as the fall of 1843.

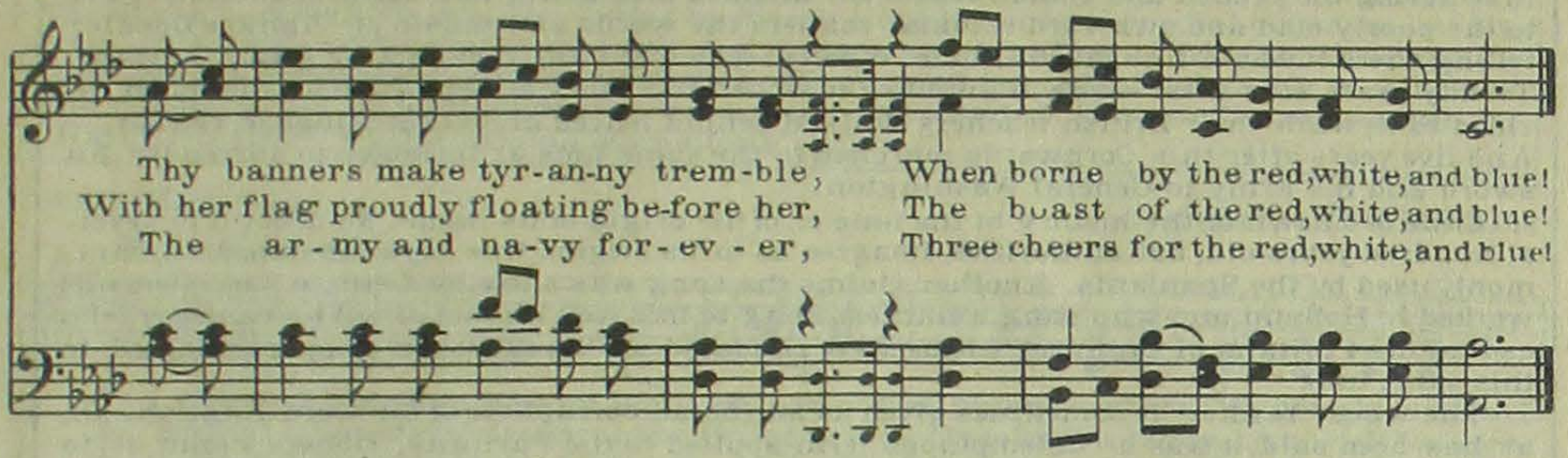
THOMAS A'BECKET

Majestically





Columbia The Gem Of The Ocean—Continued

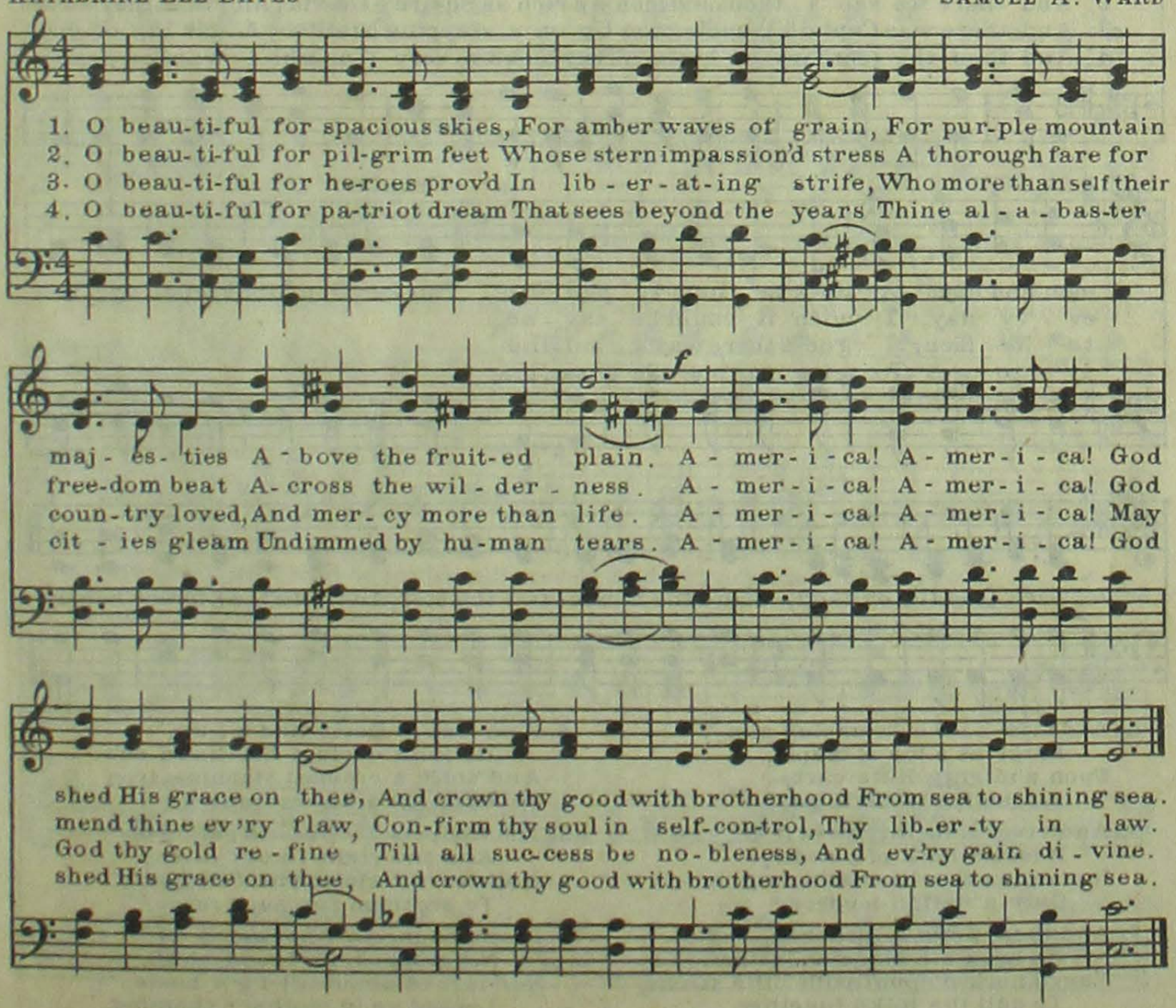


America, The Beautiful

(Tune—"Materna")

The words of this song were written in the summer of 1893 by Katherine Lee Bates upon her return from her first trip to the summit of Pike's Peak where the opening lines had been inspired by the beautiful view of "spacious skies" and "purple mountain majesties". They were first printed in a magazine on July 4th, 1895 and were soon after set to music. They have been sung to numerous tunes, but the one given below "Materna", by Samuel A. Ward, is the best known and the one to which "America the Beautiful" is at present most often sung.

KATHERINE LEE BATES — SAMUEL A. WARD



Yankee Doodle

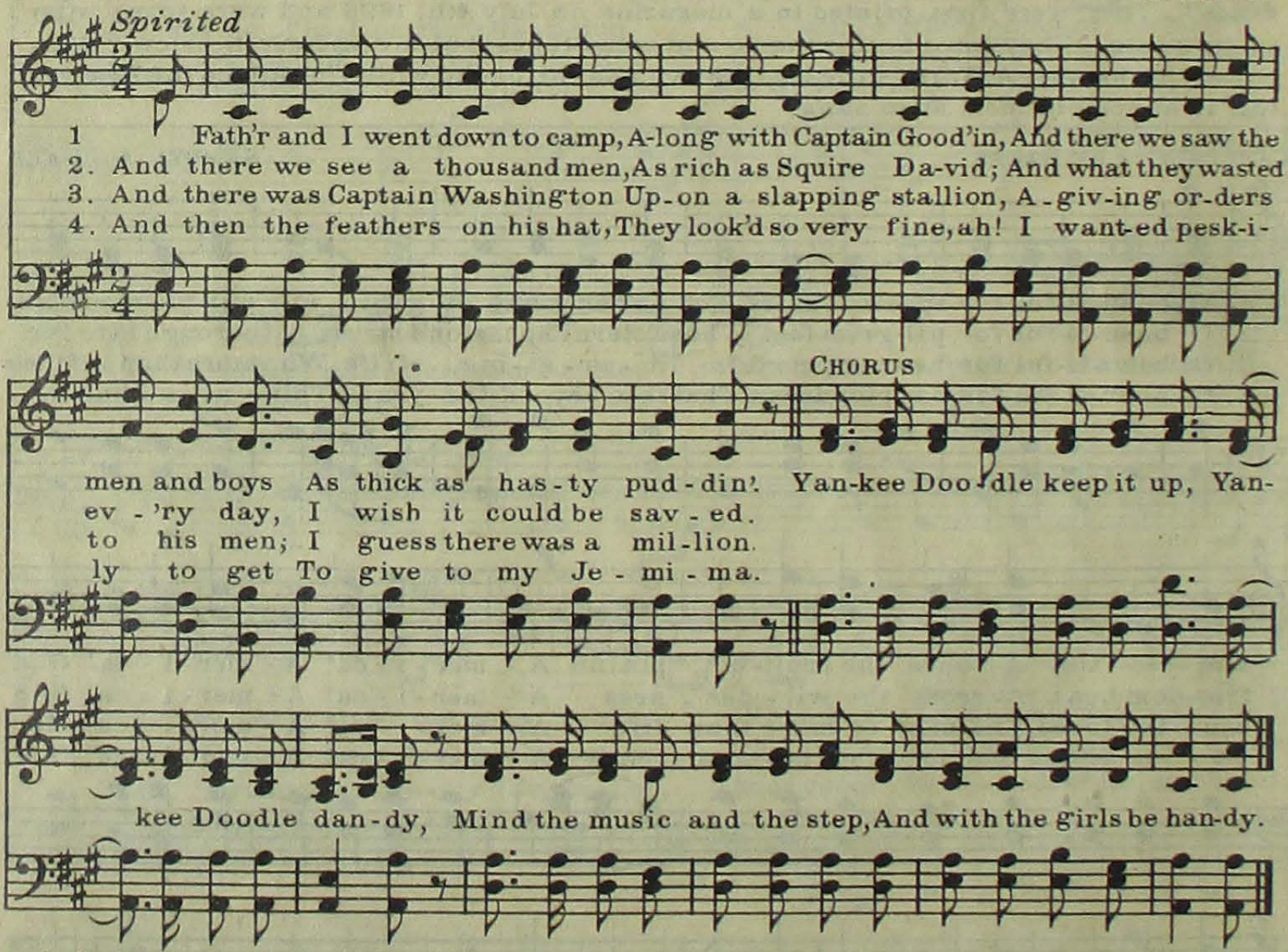
When the Revolutionary War began, the colonists had no national hymn. We are told that during the French and Indian War a Dr. Richard Shackburg in a spirit of dirision gave to the poorly clad and awkward colonial soldiers the words and music of "Yankee Doodle," telling them it was a fine martial tune. When they played it the British were greatly amused. Twenty years after these same militiamen marched to victory at Lexington to this much derided tune, while their British teachers skulked behind fences or sought refuge in retreat. And five years after this Cornwallis marched to the same tune at Yorktown to surrender his sword and his army to General Washington.

Little is known of the history of the tune or of the origin of its name. No doubt it is several hundred years old, but authorities disagree as to its origin. One says the tune was commonly used by the Spaniards. Another claims the song was sung by German harvesters who worked in Holland and who sang a harvest song to this well known air. While another tells us that the Puritans of Cromwell's time were ridiculed as "Naukeys" in a stanza adapted to this same tune.

The word "Yankee" is sometimes given as an Indian corruption of the word English. Or, as has been said, it was a contemptuous term applied to the Puritans. Others claim it to be a cant word, expressing excellence, which originated in New England, but which finally came to be applied to the people of that region as a derisive epithet. "Doodle," according to the dictionaries, means a trifling or simple fellow.

The words which were applied to this tune by the colonists were little more than meaningless doggerel, and are little known now. It is not the lofty sentiment of the words, but the catchy, rollicking tune and the sacred associations, which give this song its place among our national songs.

DR. SHACKBURG — UNKNOWN



5. And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle

6. And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

7. And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

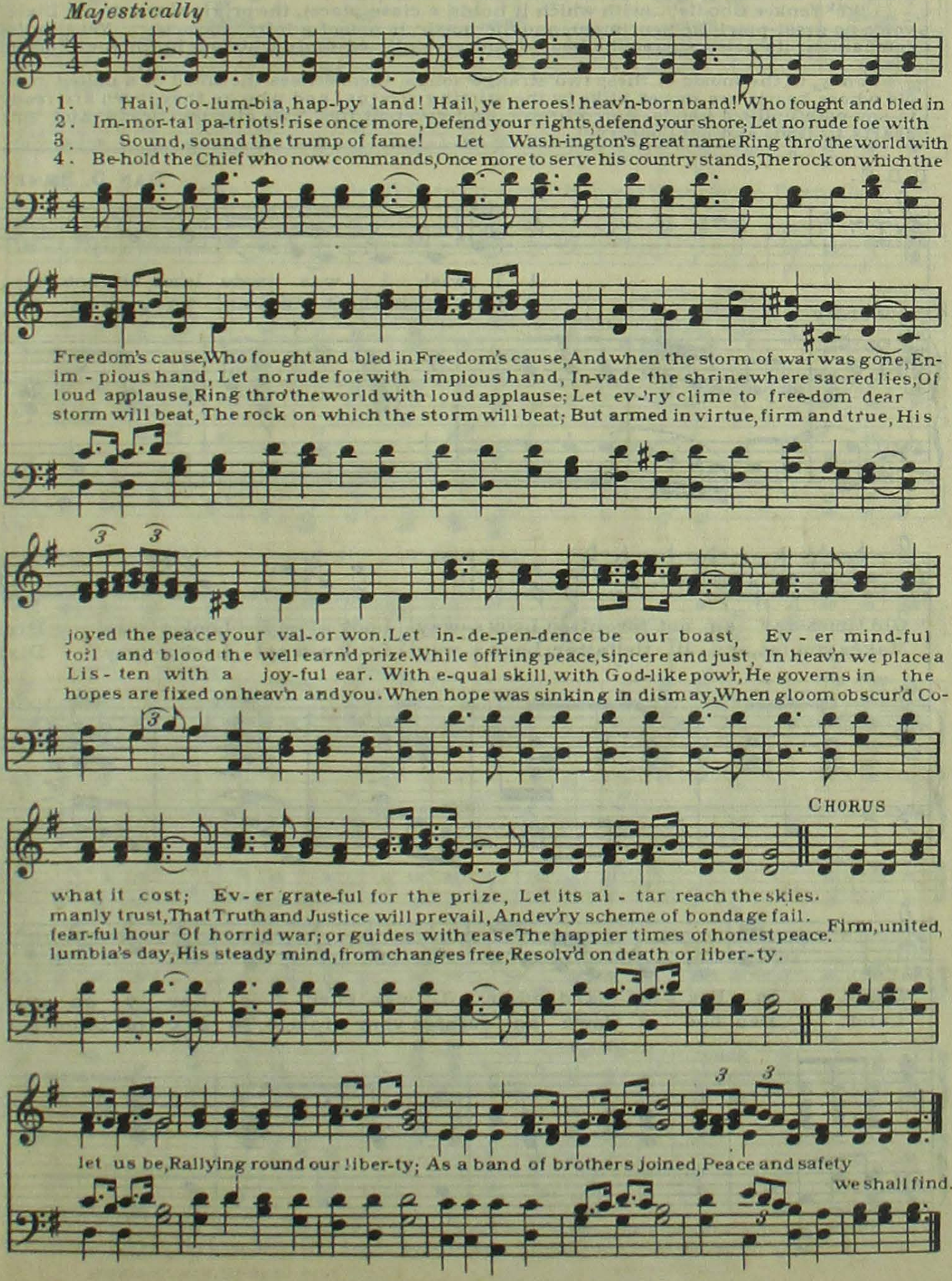
10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

Hail, Columbia!

The music of this song, originally known as "The Washington March," is generally attributed to Philip Phile. It was written in 1789 as an inaugural march for George Washington. The words were written nine years later by Joseph Hopkinson for a special occasion. At the time, England and France were at war and Americans were being divided by their sympathies for one or the other of these countries. No allusion is made in this song to either of the countries but its purpose was to keep Americans united. This sentiment has won for "Hail, Columbia!" a place among our national songs.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON — Attributed to PHILIP PHILE

Majestically



Dixie

"Dixie Land," or "Dixie," as it is generally called, the most popular of the songs of the South, was written by Daniel D. Emmett, of Ohio. In 1859, Mr. Emmett was a member of "Bryant's Minstrels," then playing in New York. One Saturday evening he was asked by Mr. Bryant to furnish a new song to be used in the performances the following week. On Monday morning Mr. Emmett took to the rehearsal the words and music of "Dixie", The song soon became the favorite all over the land. In 1860, an entertainment was given in New Orleans. The leader had some difficulty in selecting a march for his chorus. After trying several he decided upon "Dixie." It was taken up by the people, sung upon the streets and soon carried to the battle-fields, where it became the great inspirational song of the Southern Army.

Many different words were written to the tune. Those by Albert Pike, of Arkansas, were much used and are, perhaps, the most worthy of mention.

Like "Yankee Doodle," (with which it holds a close place), the original words of "Dixie" voice no great patriotic sentiment, and the music is not of a lofty character. Yet, like its companion, its notes stirred the hearts and crystallized souls who fought for the "Flag of Dixie."

Today, to the music of these two strange songs, there echoes the tread of a united people whose hearts are moved alike by the stirring strains, and who as they listen are ready to say with uplifted hands, bared brows, and reverent lips, "We give our heads and our hearts to God, and our Country."

D.D.E. DAN D. EMMETT

Lively

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton,
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In - gen bat - ter,

Old times dar am not forgotten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie
Makes you fat, or a lit - tle fatter, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie

Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To Dix - ie Land I'm

Dixie—Continued

frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!
bound to trabble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! (hooray) Hoo-ray! (hooray) In Dixie Land, I'll

take my stand to lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A

A-way, a-way,

way down south in Dixie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie.

A-way, a-way,

In the chorus of Dixie, where the melody is given to the bass voices, the sopranos may take those notes two octaves higher than written, if it seems best to have the sopranos on the melody throughout the song.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe, the author of this stirring war song, was born in New York, May 27, 1819, and was married to Dr. S.G. Howe in 1843.

In December, 1861, Dr. and Mrs. Howe, with a party of friends, paid a visit to Washington. Everything about the city had a martial aspect. The railroads were guarded by pickets, the streets were full of soldiers and all about could be seen the "watchfires of a hundred circling camps."

One day the party drove several miles from the city to see a review of the Federal soldiers. An attack by the Confederates caused much excitement and delayed their return. Finally they started back to Washington under an escort of soldiers, and to while away the time they sang war songs, among others, "John Brown."

Waking in the gray dawn of the following morning Mrs. Howe found herself weaving together words to the music she had sung the day before. Fearing she might forget the lines if she slept again, she arose and wrote down the verses of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The poem was first published in the Atlantic Monthly for February, 1862. The verses were published without the author's name, and she received but five dollars for them.

Of this great hymn a recent writer says, "Unlike many of the songs of the Civil War, it contains nothing sectional, nothing personal, nothing of a temporary character. While we feel the beauty of the lines and their aspiration after freedom, even in the piping times of peace, it is only in the time of storm and stress that their full meaning shines out. Written with intense feeling, they seem to burn and glow when our own emotions are aroused."

JULIA WARD HOWE — WILLIAM STEFFE

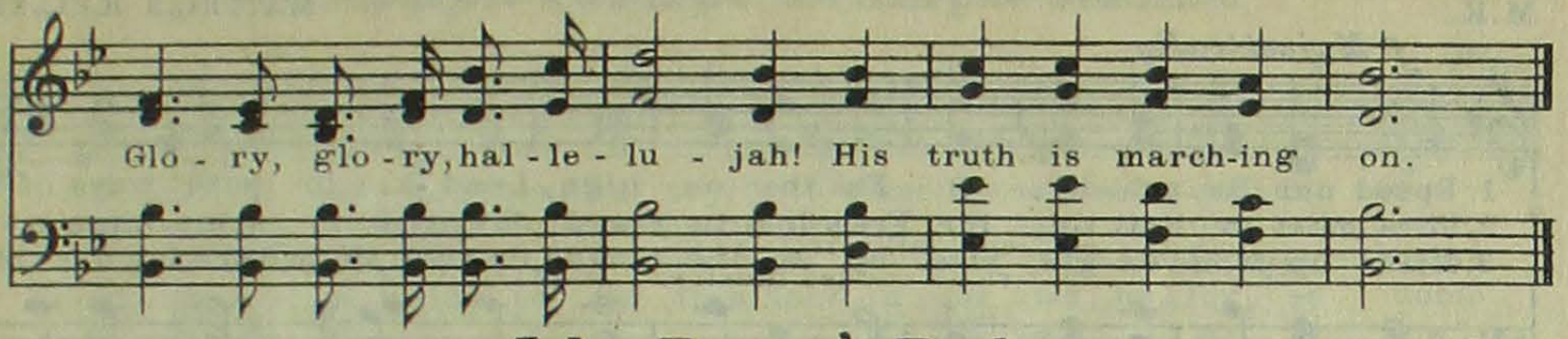
Moderate march time

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loos'd the fateful light-ning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword: His truth is march-ing on.
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps, They have build-ed Him an al-tar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps: His day is march-ing on.
3. I have read a fi-ery gos-pel writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye deal with My con-tem-ners, so with you My grace shall deal:" Let the He-ro born of wom-an crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
4. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
5. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His bos-om that trans-figures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu jah!

Battle Hymn of the Republic — Continued



John Brown's Body

(Tune–Battle Hymn of the Republic)

1.
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
His soul goes marching on!
Chorus:

2.
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown!
Chorus:

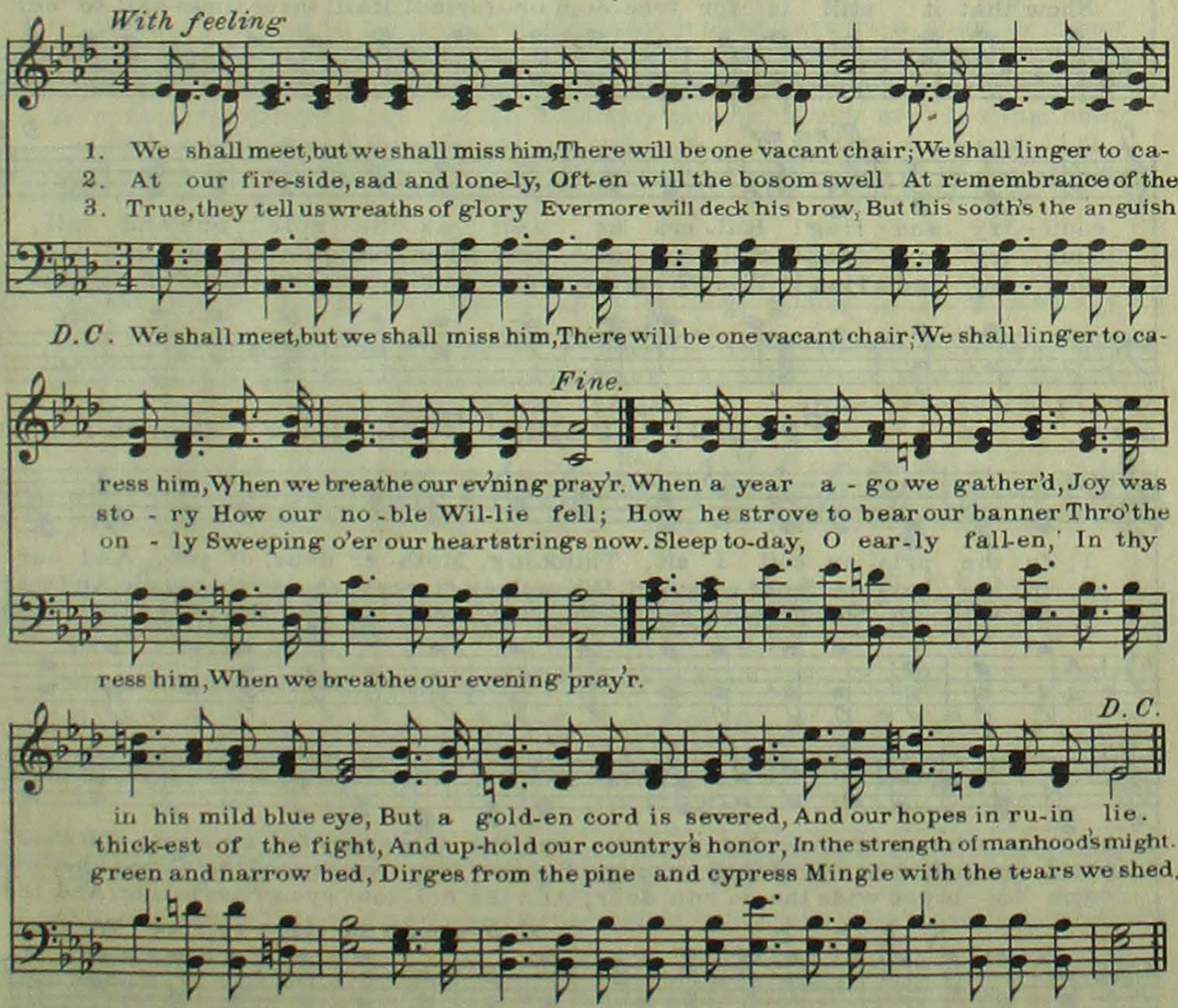
3.
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on!
Chorus:

4.
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on!
Chorus:

Chorus: Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on.

The Vacant Chair

H. S. WASHBURN — GEORGE F. ROOT



Keller's American Hymn

M.K. MATTHIAS KELLER

f Majestically

1. Speed our Re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of
2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Free-dom to stand, We rush to arms when a-
3. Rise up, proud ea-gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this

p *cresc.*

jus-tice and right; Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
fair west-ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old!

𝄋 *mf*

Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
Thun-ders our war-cry, "We con-quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
Show that it still is for free-dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our

f

Fine. mf *D.S.*

coun-try and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
coun-try and flag! Still as of yore when George Washing-ton led,
coun-try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old!

G.F.R. GEORGE F. ROOT

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

1. In the pris-on cell I sit, Think-ing, Moth-er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat-tle front we stood, When their fiercest charge they made, And they
3. So, with-in the pris-on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall

𝄋

bright and happy home so far a-way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But be-fore we reach'd their lines They were
come to o-pen wide the i-ron door; And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the

D.S.—neath the star-ry flag We shall

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!—Continued

Fine.

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
beat-en back dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic-t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see-ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a-gain Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

CHORUS

D. S.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be-
marching on, O cheer up, com-rades, they will come,

Tenting On The Old Camp Ground

W. K.

WALTER KITTREDGE

Moderately

1. We're tent-ing to night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tent-ing to night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone,
4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground, Man-y are ly-ing near;

Our wear-y hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said, "Good-bye!"
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wounded long.
Some are dead, and some are dy-ing, Man-y are in tears.

CHORUS

Man-y are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease; Man-y are the hearts that are
looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp-ground.

The Battle Cry Of Freedom

G. F. R. — GEORGE F. ROOT

1 Yes, we'll ral-ly round the flag boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of
2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before, Shouting the battle cry of
3. We will wel-come to our numbers the loyal, true and brave, Shouting the battle cry of
4. So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shouting the battle cry of

Freedom; We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Freedom; And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free men more, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Freedom; And al-tho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Freedom; And we'll prove a loy - al crew for the land we love the best, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS

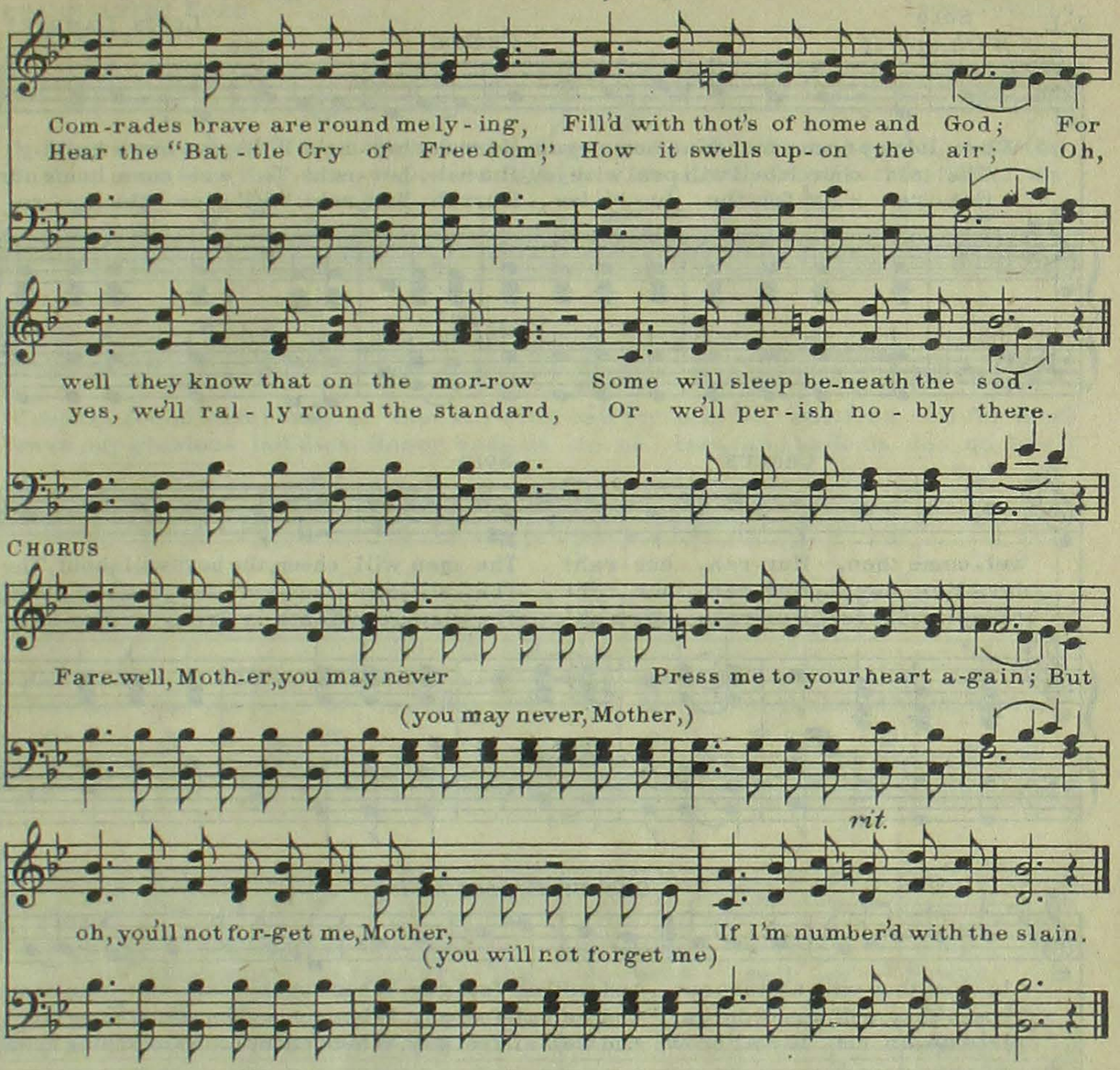
The Union for- ev-er, hurrah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we
ral-ly round the flag, boys, rally once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle cry of Free- dom.

Just Before The Battle, Mother

G. F. R. — GEORGE F. ROOT

1. { Just be-fore the bat-tle, Moth- er, I am think-ing most of you,
   { While up - on the field we're watching, With the en - e - my in view.
2. { Hark! I hear the bu - gles sounding, 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight;
   { Now may God pro-tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right.

Just Before The Battle, Mother—Continued



Civil War Songs

The nine foregoing songs, and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which follows, are among those which came into existence during the Civil War. Because each embodies some typical sentiment of the time, it holds a place among our popular national songs.

The stories of "Dixie," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "John Brown's Body," have been previously given.

"Keller's American Hymn" attracted little notice during the Civil War but in 1872, at a Peace Festival, it was featured and became well known. It stands as a guiding principle of what we would like our country to be.

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" was written, composed and first sung by Walter Kittredge as his patriotic contribution after he had failed to pass the physical examination for entrance into the Union Army.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is a stirring number popular ever since the Civil War when it was composed. The name of the author and composer, "Louis Lambert," was a nom de plume used by Patrick S. Gilmore, famous as a band leader and promoter of festivals and jubilees.

George F. Root contributed "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle Mother," and with Henry F. Washburn, he wrote "The Vacant Chair."

All of these songs were written under the influence of emotions excited by the Civil War. Today, after our more recent war experience, they take on a newer and deeper meaning

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

L.L. SOLO — LOUIS LAMBERT

With spirit

CHORUS — SOLO

1. When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, hur-rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah, hur-rah! To wel-come home our
3. Get rea-dy for the Ju-bi-lee, Hurrah, hur-rah! We'll give the he-ro

ff *p*

CHORUS — SOLO

wel-come then, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar-ling boy, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and las-sies say, With
three times three; Hur-rah, hur-rah! The lau-rel wreath is rea-dy now To

ff *p*

CHORUS. *Repeat at lib.*

la-dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
roses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
place up-on his loy-al brow; And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

A National Prayer

O God of purity and peace, God of light and freedom, God of comfort and joy, we thank thee for our country, this great land of hope, whose wide doors thou hast opened to so many millions that struggle with hardship and with hunger in the crowded Old World.

We give thanks to the power that has made and preserved us a nation, that has carried our ship of state through storm and darkness and has given us a place of honor and power that we might bear aloft the standard of impartial liberty and impartial law.

May our altars and our schools ever stand as pillars of welfare; may the broad land be filled with homes of intelligent and contented industry, that through the long generations our land may be a happy land and our country a power of good will among the nations. *Amen.*

CHARLES GORDON AMES

Keep The Home Fires Burning

LENA GUILBERT FORD — IVOR NOVELLO

March time

1. They were summon'd from the hill-side, They were call'd in from the glen, And the
2. O - ver seas they came a-plead-ing "Help a na-tion in dis-tress!" And we

Coun-try found them ready at the stir-ring call for men (the stir-ring call for men)
gave our glo rious lad-dies; Honor bade us do no less, (and bade us do no less)

Let no tears add to their hard-ships, As the sol-diers pass a-long, And al-
For no gal-lant son of free-dom To a ty-rant's yoke should bend; And a

though your heart is break-ing, Make it sing this cheer-y song.
no-ble heart must an-swer To the sa-cred call of "Friend!"

CHORUS

Keep the Home-fires burn-ing While your hearts are yearn-ing,
There's a sil-ver lin-ing Thro' the dark clouds shin-ing,

Tho' your lads are far a-way They dream of home.
Turn the dark cloud in-side out, Till the boys come home.

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Anvil Chorus

(From the opera, Il Trovatore)

CAMMANARO — GIUSEPPI VERDI

Quickly

2 FULL CHORUS IN UNISON

God of the na-tions, in glo-ry en-thron-ed, Upon our lov'd country Thy blessings

pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the future, Let Peace dwell among us for ever-

more!

Anvil Chorus – Continued

CHORUS IN UNISON

ANVILS

Proud - ly our bann - er now gleams with gold - en lus - tre! Bright - er each star shines in the glo - rious clus - ter! Lib - er ty for - ev - er - more! And Peace and Un - ion, And Peace and Un - ion, throughout our hap - py land. land.

f *ff* D.C. 1 2 D.C.

Years Of Peace

SICILIAN MARINERS' AIR

1. Years are com - ing, speed them on - ward!
2. Earth has heard too long of bat - tle,
3. Years are com - ing when for - ev - er,

When the sword shall gath - er rust, And the hel - met,
Heard the trum - pet's voice too long; But an - oth - er
War's dread ban - ner shall be furled, And the an - gel,

lance and fal - chion, Sleep at last in si - lent dust!
age ad - van - ces, Seers fore - told in an - cient song.
Peace, be wel - comed, Reg - ent of the hap - py world.

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

LEONARD BACON JOHN HATTON

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fa-thers cross'd the sea;
2. Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r: Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a-dore,

And when they trod the win-t'ry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee.
Shall on-ward, thro' all a - ges bear The mem'ry of that ho-ly hour.
And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a-dorns the earth no more.

Praise For Peace

ANGUS S. HIBBARD — FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING

1. Fa - ther in Heav - en, in Thy love a - bound - ing, Hear these Thy chil - dren
2. Filled be our hearts with peace be - yond com - par - ing, Peace in Thy world, joy
3. God of our Fa - thers strength - en ev - 'ry na - tion, In Thy great peace where

thro' the world re - sound - ing, Loud in Thy prais - es
to all heart's des - pair - ing, Firm is our trust in
on - ly is sal - va - tion, So may the world its

thanks for peace a - bid - ing, Ev - er a - bid - ing.
Thee for peace en - dur - ing, Ev - er en - dur - ing.
fu - ture spread be - fore Thee, Thus to a - dore Thee.

Integer Vitae

The Latin words, which are two stanzas from Horace's XXII Ode, may be sung to the music of "Praise for Peace." A rather free translation of the Latin is also given.

Using the Latin words, the song is a very effective number for male voices.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Neque venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuasas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

He who is noble, kind in thought and action,
Faithful to duty, pure, and single hearted,
Needs not a weapon, needs not man to guard him,
Virtue defends him.

What though he wander o'er the burning desert?
What though he journey o'er unfriendly mountain?
Sleeping or waking, though by death surrounded,
Virtue defends him.

Home, Sweet Home

While the United States has no great war song which ranks with those of other nations, it has one song of peace that reaches not only the hearts of its own people, but touches a responsive chord in the hearts of the whole world. The song is "Home, Sweet Home."

Its author, John Howard Payne, was born in New York City, June 9, 1792, and died at Tunis, April 10, 1852. Payne's mother died when he was thirteen, and after that the author of the world's home song never knew what it meant to have a home of his own.

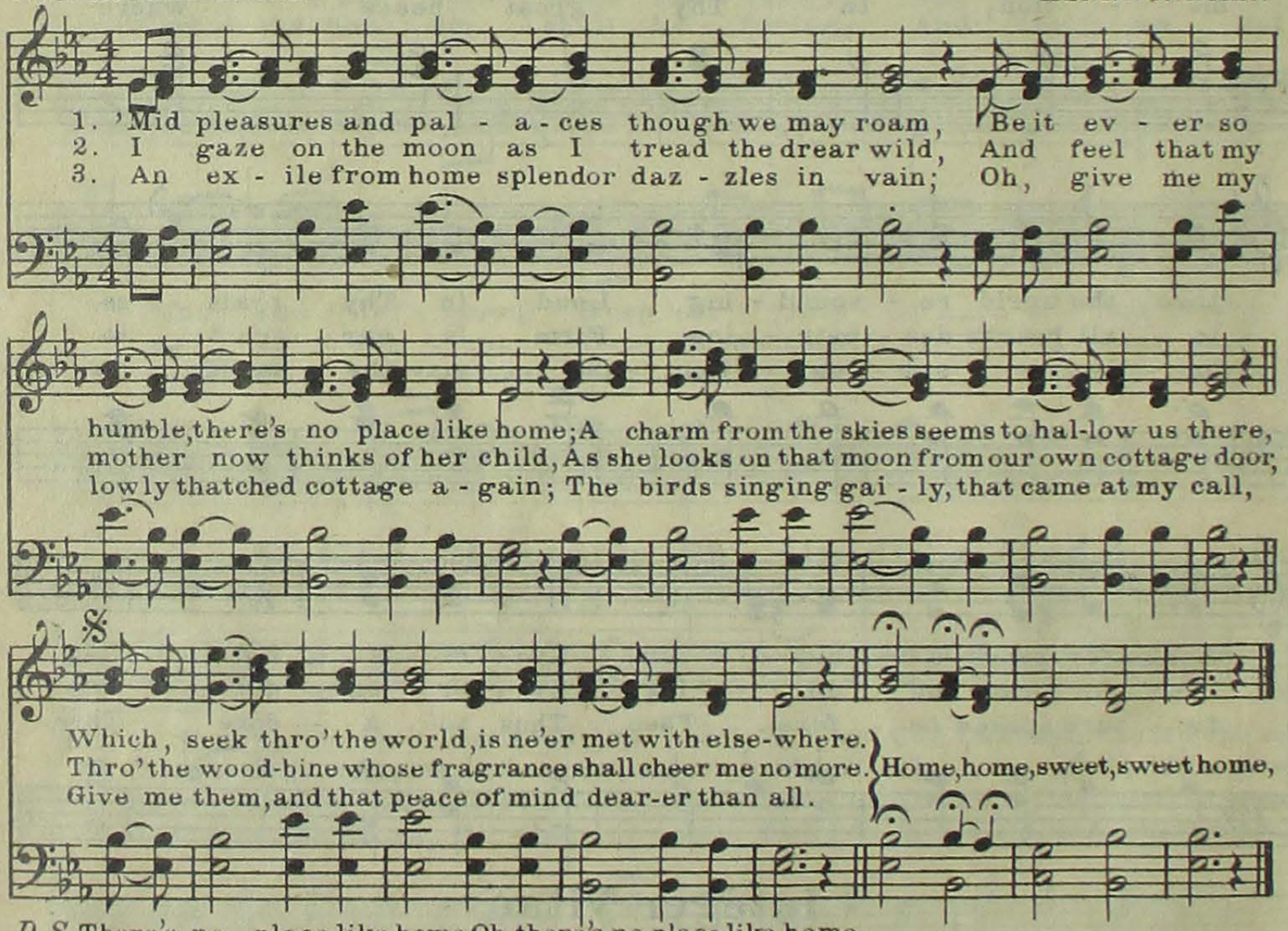
At the age of thirteen Payne became a clerk in a mercantile house. At seventeen he went on the stage and achieved great success in the large eastern cities. He was twenty-one when he appeared in Drury Lane Theatre, London. He lived abroad for twenty years, and, altho he seemed to have been diligent and fairly successful, he was poor and often wretched.

He wrote several successful dramas, among them, "Clari, the Maid of Milan." At the suggestion of the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, the play was changed into an opera and the words of "Home, Sweet Home," were introduced into it. The song was a great success and enriched all who handled it except its author. He did not even receive the twenty-five pounds which was his share of the proceeds from the sale of the manuscript.

In 1832 Payne returned to America. Later he was appointed consul to Tunis and died there in 1852.

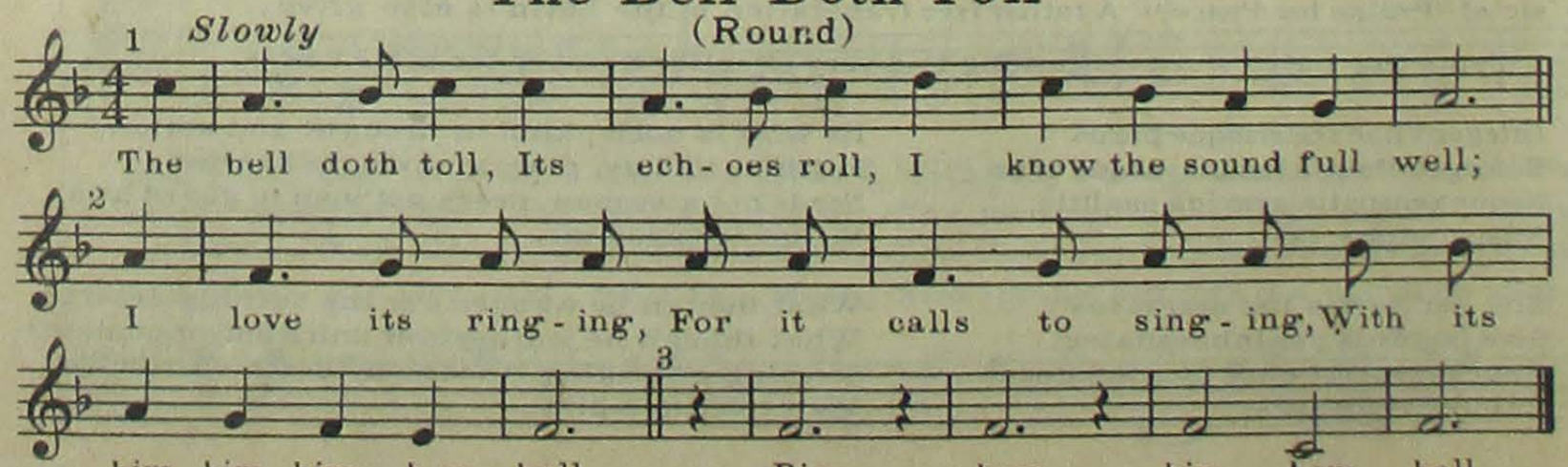
In 1883, through the generosity of W. W. Corcoran, the remains of John Howard Payne were brought to his native land and buried at Oak Hill Cemetary, Washington, D.C.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — HENRY R. BISHOP



The Bell Doth Toll

(Round)



Old Black Joe

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so

friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

bet-ter land I know, I hear their gen-tle voic - es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
part-ed long a - go, I hear their gen-tle voic - es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen-tle voic - es calling, "Old Black Joe!"

mf CHORUS *pp* *D.S. al Fine.*

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen Collins Foster, a truly American writer of what may be called the folk-songs of America, was born July 4th, 1826 at Lawrenceburg, Pennsylvania, now a part of Pittsburgh, and died in New York in 1864. From an early age he was interested in music. He often attendend negro camp meetings and there studied the music of the colored people. His first success in composition was "Oh! Susannah". Soon after, he produced "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Massa's In The Cold, Cold Ground" which at once became popular.

"The Old Folks At Home" (Way down upon the Swanee River) is his masterpiece. A more tender song of home and its memories has never been written. Another of his songs which achieved great popularity is "Old Black Joe".

Chief among Foster's characteristics was his tenderness. This quality is reflected in all of his songs.

My Old Kentucky Home

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Rather slowly

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark-y may go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my

1. birds make mu-sic all the day; The old Kentuck-y home, good night!
2. bench by the old cab-in door; The old Kentuck-y home, good night!
3. field where the su-gar-canes grow; A old Kentuck-y home, good night!

CHORUS

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.

rit.

Old Folks At Home

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. 'Way down up-on de Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
   All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young;
   When I was play-ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,
   When will I see de bees a - hum-ming All roun' de comb?

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man-y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.
Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

D.S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

REFRAIN

All de world am sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry-where I roam;

Stars Of The Summer Night

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in

gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
slumber light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Hard Times Come Again No More

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

mf Moderately

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears While we all sup sorrow with the poor: There's a song that will linger for-ev-er in our ears, "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more"
2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay There are frail forms fainting at the door: Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more"

CHORUS

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;

slower

Many days you have linger'd a-round my cab-in door, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Old Dog Tray

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderately

1. The morn of life is past, And ev'ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of once hap - py day, Of mer-ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil-lage green,
2. The forms I call'd my own, Have vanish'd one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a way, Their happy smiles have flown, Their gentle voices gone; I've

Old Dog Tray—Continued

CHORUS

Sport-ing with my old dog Tray. } Old dog Tray's ever faithful, Grief can-not drive him a-
noth-ing left but old dog Tray. }

way, He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev er, nev er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

Uncle Ned

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long ago, long a-go;
2. His fingers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;
3. One cold, frost-y morning, old Ned died, Massa's tears they fell like the rain;

He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe-cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a-gain.

REFRAIN *Bass Solo* *Harmony*

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;

For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

Massa's In The Cold Ground

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Round de meadows am a-ringing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am singing,
2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'T was hard to hear old Massa calling,
3. Massa makes de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sad-ly weep a-bove him,

Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a-creep-ing, O'er de gras-sy mound,
Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de o-range trees am blooming, On de san-dy shore,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work be-fore to-morrow, Cayse de tear drop now;

CHORUS

Dare old Mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days am coming, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
I try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick - ing on de old ban - jo.
} Down in de cornfield

Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkeys am a - weep - ing, Mas sa's in de cold, cold ground.

How Can I Leave Thee

FRIEDRICH KUCKEN

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly hast my heart, Dear one, be-lieve.
2. Blue is a flow'r-et Called the For-get-me-not, Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me!
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal- con nor hawk would fear, Speeding to thee.

Thou hast this soul of mine So closely bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a-lone!
Flow'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass away, Dear one, be-lieve.
When, by the fow-ler slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joyful I'd die.

Darling Nelly Gray

B.R.H. B. R. HANBY

1. There's a low green val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've whiled many hap - py hours a - way, A sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door
2. When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my darl - ing Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my lit-tle red ca - noe,
3. My eyes are get-ting blinded, And I can-not see my way; Hark! There's some bod-y knock-ing at the door, O I hear the an-gels calling, and I see my Nel-ly Gray,

CHORUS

Where lived my darl-ing Nel-ly Gray. O my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have
While my ban - jo sweet-ly I would play. O my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have
Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore. O my darling Nel - ly Gray, up in

1-2. tak- en you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my darl-ing an-y more; I'm sit-ting by the riv- er and I'm weeping all the day, For youve gone from the old Kentucky shore.
3. heaven there, they say, That they'll never take you from me any more; I'm a coming–coming– coming, as the an-gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Kentucky shore.

Good Night

(Round)

1 Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May an-gels a -

2 round you their si - lent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night, good night

Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

J. B.

JAMES BLAND

1. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow,
2. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There let me live till I with-er and de-cay,

p

There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go. There's where I la-bored so hard for old Mas-sa,
Long by the old Dis-mal Swamp have I wan dered, There's where this old darkey's life will pass a-way. Mas - sa and Mis-sis have long gone be-fore me,

Day af-ter day in the field of yel-low corn, No place on earth do I love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore, There we'll be hap-py and free from all sor-row, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev-er part no more.

rit.

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Carry Me Back To Old Virginny—Continued

CHORUS

Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, There's where the cot-ton and the corn and ta-ters grow There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

When The Corn Is Waving

C. B.

C. BLAMPHIN

1. When the corn is waving, Annie dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle voice a-gain And greet thy winning smile; The moon will be at full, love, The stars will brightly gleam. Oh come, my Queen of night, love, And grace the beauteous scene. When the breeze,
2. When the corn is waving, Annie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell Be-side the gen-tle flowing stream That both our hearts know well; Where wild flowrs in their beauty Will scent the ev'ning Oh haste, the stars are peep-ing And the moon's behind the trees.

Fine

"Carry Me Back To Old Virginny" is a favorite number for male quartets. An excellent effect may be secured by disposing of the parts as follows: Have the second tenor or "lead" sing the soprano part of the chorus, one octave lower than here given; the first tenor takes the alto part, singing it in the register of the alto voice; the first bass or baritone should carry the first line in the bass clef and the second bass, the lower line.

The same disposition of voices will give another fine number for male quartets in the song "When The Corn Is Waving."

T. H. B.

Long, Long Ago

THOMAS H. BAYLY

Moderately

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go?
3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go,

Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
You by more el - o-quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a-go, long a - go.

D.S. Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
D.S. Still my heart treasures the praises I heard, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
D.S. Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have rov'd,
Then, to all oth-ers, my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I list - en with pride,

G. F. R.

There's Music In The Air

GEORGE F. ROOT

Moderately quick motion

1. There's mu-sic in the air When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen
2. There's mu-sic in the air When the noontide's sultry beam Reflects a golden light
3. There's mu-sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's breast,

On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of
On the distant mountain stream. When beneath some grateful shade, Sorrow's aching
As its pen-sive beauties die. Then, oh, then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-

joy pro-found, While we list, en-chant-ed there, To the mu-sic in the air.
head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir - it there Comes the music in the air.
les-tial song, An - gel voi-ces greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS — JAMES E. SPILMAN

Not too slowly

1. Flow gen- tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.
2. How loft- y, sweet Af-ton, thy neighboring hills, Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills! There daily I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my Ma- ry re-sides! How wanton thy wa-ters her snowy feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys below, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros- es blow! There oft, as mild flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af ton, a- mang thy green braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv- er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

3. Thy crys-tal stream, Afton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re-sides! How wanton thy wa-ters her snowy feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a- mang thy green hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green crest-ed lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair. How loft- y, sweet Af-ton, thy neighboring hills, Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills! There daily I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my Ma- ry re-sides! How wanton thy wa-ters her snowy feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys below, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros- es blow! There oft, as mild evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me. Flow gen-tly, sweet riv- er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Loch Lomond

UNKNOWN — OLD SCOTCH AIR

1. By yon bonnie banks, And by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
2. 'Twas then that we part-ed In yon shad-y glen, On the steep, steep side of Ben
3. The wee bir-dies sing, And the wild flowers spring, And in sunshine the waters are

Lo - mond, Where me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae, On the
Lo - mond, Where in pur-ple hue The Highland hills we view, And the
sleep - ing, But the broken heart it kens Nae second spring a - gain, Tho' the

Brisker

CHORUS

bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
moon coming out in the gloam-ing. Oh! ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the
wae-ful may cease frae their greet-ing.

low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love we'll
nev-er meet a - gain On the bonnie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

Scotland's Burning

(Round)

1 2 3 4

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS — SCOTCH AIR

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

REFRAIN

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

Comin' Thro' The Rye

ROBERT BURNS — SCOTCH AIR

Lively

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the Rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. A-mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.

} Ev'-ry las-sie has her lad-die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the Rye.

ANNIE MC VICAR

The Blue-Bells Of Scotland

OLD SCOTCH AIR

Moderately

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone? O where, and O
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell? O where, and O
3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup-pose, and sup-

cresc.

where is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King
where does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land, at the
pose that your Highland lad should die? The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd

George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue-Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Oh, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast

ROBERT BURNS

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, On yon-der lea, My plaidie to the angry
2. Oh, were I in the wildest waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae bleak and bare, The desert were a Para-

airt, I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee; Or did mis-for-tune's bit-ter storms A-
dise If thou wert there, If thou wert there; Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With

round thee blaw, A-round thee blaw,
thee to reign, With thee to reign,

Thy shield should be my bosom, To share it a', To share it a'.
The brightest jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen

Annie Laurie

WILLIAM DOUGLASS — LADY JOHN SCOTT

Moderately quick

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
3. Like dew on th' gow-an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like

there that Annie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true,
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on,
winds in summer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet,

Which ne'er forgot will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
And she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

Robin Adair

CAROLINE KEPPEL — SCOTCH AIR

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near;
   What was't I wished to see, What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth
2. What made th' as-sem-bly shine? Ro-bin A - dair;
   What made the ball so fine? Ro bin was there; What, when the play was o'er,
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A - dair;
   But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A - dair; Yet, him I loved so well,

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A - dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Ro-bin A - dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Ro-bin A - dair.

Hail To The Chief

SIR WALTER SCOTT — JAMES SANDERSON

Majestically

f

1. Hail to the chief, who in triumph ad-van-ces, Hon-ored and bless'd be the ev-ergreen pine!
2. Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the
3. Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!

ff

Long may the tree in his banner that glances, Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
whirl-wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!

Hail to the chief, who in triumph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!
Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the
Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!

Long may the tree in his ban-ner that glances, Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
whirl-wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Oh, that the rose-bud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!

Lively

f

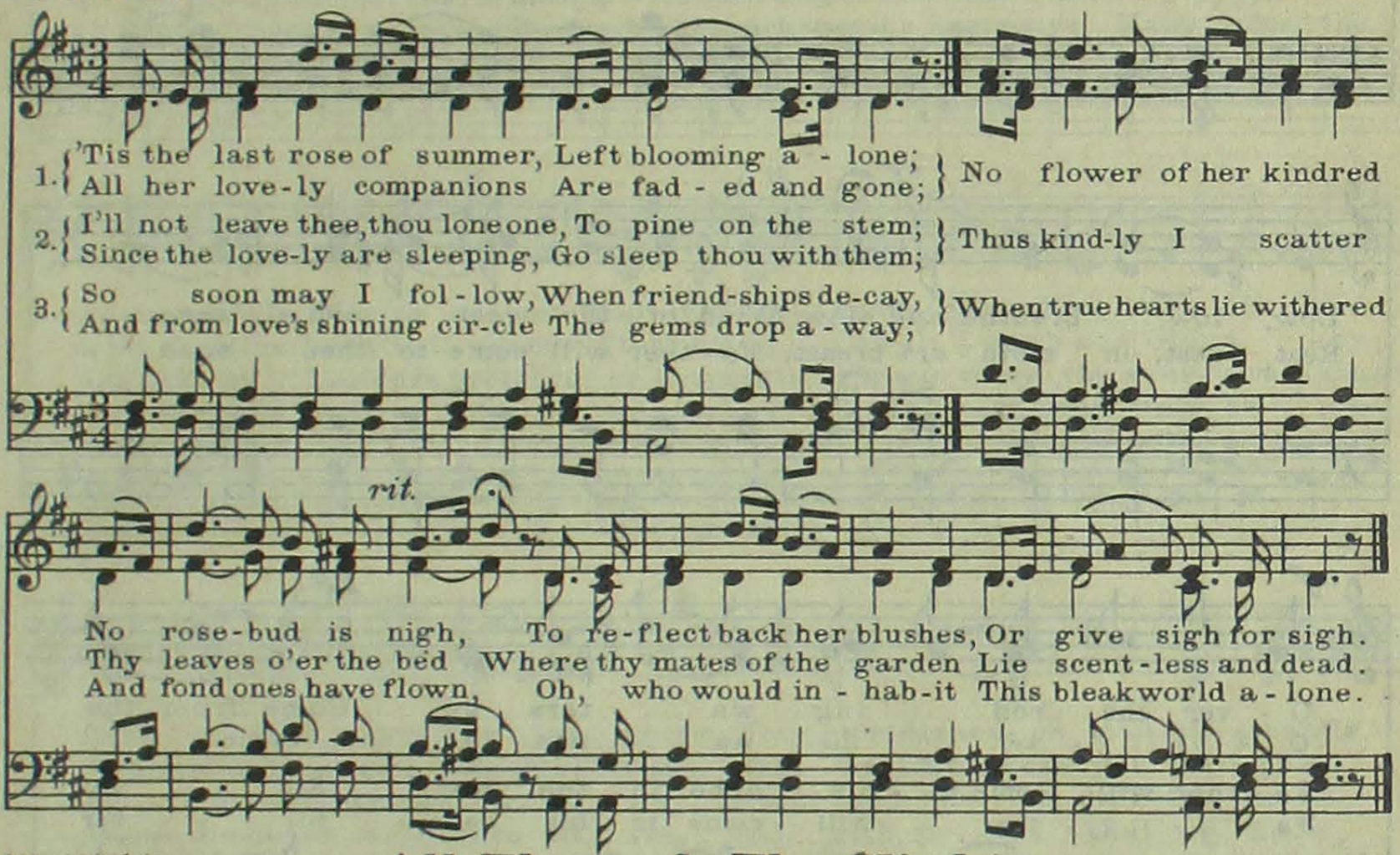
Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new; Gai-ly to bourgeon and broadly to grow;
Moor'd in the rift-ed rock, Proof to the tempest shock, Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
O, that some seedling gem, Worthy such noble stem, Hon-or'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!

While ev-'ry highland glen, Sends our shout back again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Menteith and Breadalbane, then, Echo his praise a-gain, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Loud should Clan-Alpine then, Ring from her deepmost glen, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"

The Last Rose Of Summer

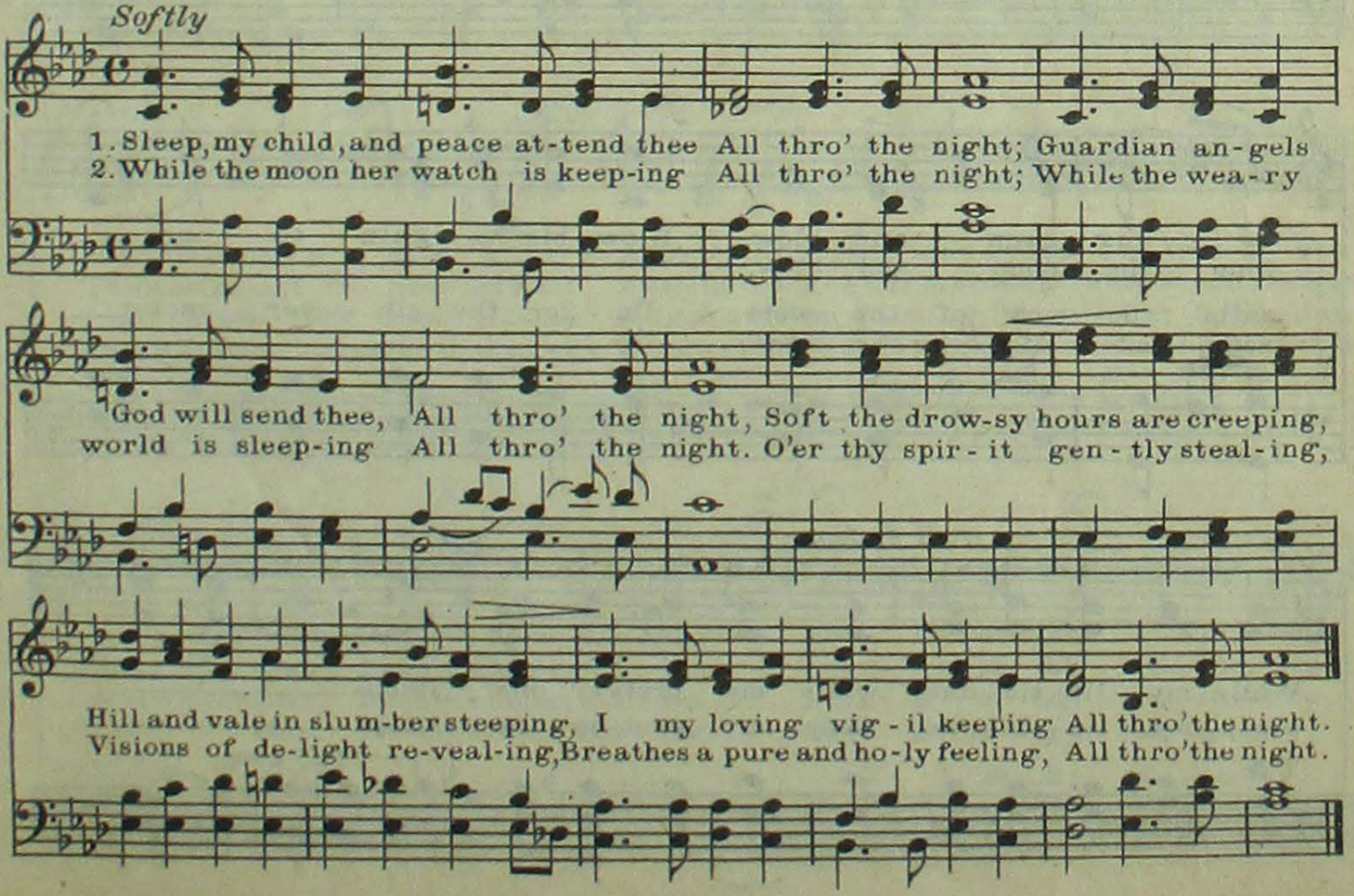
Thomas Moore, the great Irish lyric poet, did for Irish folk songs what Burns did for those of his native land. "The Last Rose of Summer" is among his most famous songs, having achieved great popularity through its interpolation into the ever popular and beautiful opera "Martha" by Flotow, to whom the authorship of the song is sometimes erroneously attributed. The air is an ancient one, called the "Groves of Blarney," which in turn was taken from a more ancient Celtic melody.

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH AIR



All Through The Night

Attributed to H. BOULTON — OLD WELSH AIR



Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNBY

pp Slowly

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf *pp*

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
O - - ver the wa - ters go, Come

Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
Fa - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver

f

dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
from the moon and blow,

sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon
sails out of the west,

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

M. W. B.

Killarney

MICHAEL W. BALFE

Moderately

1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and
2. In-nis-fal-len's ruined shrine May suggest a passing sigh; But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and varied tints, Ev'ry rock that
4. Music there for e-cho dwells, Makes each sound a harmony; Many-voiced the

woodland dells, Mem'ry ev - er fond-ly strays, Bounteous nature loves all lands,
ne'er de-cline Such God's wonders floating by; Cas-tle Lough and Glena bay;
you pass by, Ver-dure broiders or besprints, Vir-gin there the green grass grows
cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ec-sta-sy. With the charmful tints be - low,

Beau-ty wan-ders ev-'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on man-y strands,
Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray
Ev - 'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows,
Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col-ors that we know,

rall *dim. pp a tempo*

But her home is sure-ly there! Angels fold their wings and rest, In that E-den
Tho' the monks are now at rest. Angels wonder not that man There would fain pro-
Smil-ing win-ter's frown a-way. Angels oft-en pausing there, Doubt if E-den
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of angels so might shine, Glancing back soft

cresc. *f*

of the West, Beauty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
long life's span, Beauty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
were more fair, Beauty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
light di-vine, Beauty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.

Wearing Of The Green

DION BOUCICAULT — IRISH AIR

Moderately

1. Oh! Pad-dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round, The shamrock is for-bid by law to grow on I-rish ground; Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His color can't be seen. For there's a blood-y law a-gin' the Wear-in' o' the Green; I met with Nap-per Tan-dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he said "How's poor ould Ire-land, and how does she stand?" She's the most dis-tressful country, that
2. Then since the col-or we must wear, is England's cruel red, Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed; You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' un-der-foot 'tis trod; When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in sum-mer time their ver-dure dare not show; Then I will change the col-or I say, Where rich and poor stand e-qual, in the light of freedom's day; Oh, E-rin must we lave you, driv-en by the tyrant's hand, Must we ask a moth-er's welcome from a strange but happy land? Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom
3. But if at last our col-or should be torn from Ireland's heart, Her sons with shame and ev-er you have seen; They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green. wear in my cau-been, But 'till that day, I'll stick for aye to wearing of the green. nev-er shall be seen, And where, in peace, we'll live and die a-wearing of the green.

Repeat as Chorus

Love's Old Sweet Song

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM — J. L. MOLLOY

With a moderately quick motion

1. Once in the dear dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.

2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er-more, Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

REFRAIN

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go; Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

Because "Just a Song at Twilight" brings joy to the weary soul, wouldn't it be thoughtful of you to send a copy of this book, full of inspiration and happiness, to that friend who needs a little help from you? It will cost you but a few cents but will mean much to the friend.

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON — OLD ENGLISH AIR

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not withered be; But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH AIR

Moderately slow

1. Be-lieve me, if all those en - dearing young charms, Which I gaze on so
2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unpro-

fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like
faned by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms – Cont.

fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this
time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved

moment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er

ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still!
turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE — SIR JOHN STEVENSON

1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls The soul of music shed; Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells; The chord a - lone that

Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of former days, So
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes; The

glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart, in - dignant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. Julia Crawford — Frederick N. Crouch

Moderately quick

mf

1. Kathleen Ma-vourneen, the gray dawn is breaking, The horn of the hun-ter is
2. Kathleen Ma-vourneen, a-wake from thy slumbers; The blue mountains glow in the

heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing;
sun's golden light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers? A -

Small notes to be sung for 2d V.

Kathleen Mavour-neen, what! slumbring still? Kathleen Mavourneen, what!
rise in thy beauty, thou star of my night; A-rise in thy beau-ty, thou

slum - bring still? Or hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must sev-er? Oh!
star of my night! Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, my sad tears are falling, To

f

mf *fz* *mf*

hast thou for-gotten this day we must part?
think that from E-rin and thee I must part!
} It may be for years, and it

mf *semplice* *mf*

may be for ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

When you realize that the songs in this book, if bought separately in sheet form, would cost you from ten to fifty cents each and that you get all of them for but a few cents, you know it's mighty big value. Why not tell others about it?

Kathleen Mavourneen—Continued

mf *mf* *mf*

years, and it may be for ev er; Then why art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vourneen?

The Heart Bowed Down

M.W.B. (From "The Bohemian Girl") MICHAEL Wm. BALFE

Moderately slow

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still pon-der o'er the past, On

thought and im-pulse while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that
mo - ments of de - light that were Too beauti-ful to last, that were too

can no com - fort bring; To those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er
beau-ti - ful to last; To long de-part-ed years ex-tend, Its

pleasure's pathway thrown; But mem'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its
vi-sions with them flown; For mem'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its

own, grief can call its own, That grief can call its own

When You And I Were Young, Maggie

GEORGE W. JOHNSON — J. A. BUTTERFIELD

1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a-go.
2. A cit - y so si-lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In polish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less spright-ly than then; My face is a well-written page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.

𝄋

The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung;
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung,
They say we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the white breakers flung,

D.S. And now we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, The tri - als of life near-ly done,

D.S.

The old rust - y mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
For we sang just as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

(Round)

E. O. LYTE

1 2

Row, row, row your boat Gent - tly down the stream;

3 4

Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, Life is but a dream.

THOMAS MOORE

The Minstrel Boy

IRISH AIR

Lively

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry."

"Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee."

Moore, Jonson and Burns

Thomas Moore, the great Irish poet, was born in Dublin in 1779 and died in 1852. As a song writer, Moore is one of the greatest; he is excellent alike in verse, romance and satire.

Ben Jonson, (1573 - 1637), famous among English dramatists and poets, is noted for his charmingly beautiful work. His poems are many and varied; they are full of grace and are classical in form and phraseology. After three centuries his, "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," which is on page 46 is still popular.

Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland was born in a little clay cottage near Ayr in 1759. At the time of his death in 1796 he was recognized for his great genius but he died in penury. It was his custom to write his poems to existing Scotch airs and to this habit we owe some of the greatest lyrics in the language.

Juanita

"Juanita," for many years a favorite, was written by the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Irish wit and playwright. The Honorable Mrs. Norton, as she was called, adapted her text to an old Spanish air, and rearranged it much in its present form.

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON — SPANISH AIR

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, lin-g'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dream ing Moons like these shall shine again, And daylight beaming,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes, splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re lent ing, For thine absent lov er sigh?

Wear-y looks, yet ten- der, Speak their fond fare-well Ni ta! Jua ni ta!
In thy heart con sent ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni ta! Jua ni ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!

Lean thou on my heart.
Be my own Fair Bride.

The Dearest Spot

W. T. W. — W. T. WRIGHTON

1. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with

D.C. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've

Fine.

long'd to see Is home, sweet home; There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
lover's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are

long'd to see Is home, sweet home.

The Dearest Spot— Continued

D.C.

so en-dear-ing; All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home.
so u - ni - ted; All the world be-sides I've slighted For home, sweet home.

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

EMMA WILLARD — JOSEPH P. KNIGHT

1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,

Se - cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or though the tempest's fier-y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

Largo

(From the Opera, Xerxes)

THOMAS WILLIAMS — GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL

Very slowly

p

Fa - - - ther in heav'n, Thy chil-dren hear, As they a -

p

mf *p*

dor-ing bow, O Thou Al-might-y One, Hear Thou, our pray'r; Strengthen our

mf *p*

f

faith; With hope in - spire our hearts, Flaming our souls with love

f

Largo– Continued

pp

Like un - to Thine. Then ___ shall Thy works a-bound, Men shall pro -

pp

f

claim that God our Lord ___ is God a-lone, And ho - ly,

f

p

3

ho - ly is His name, ___ - And ho - ly is His name;

p

ff

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

ff

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

ff

ff

8

Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER — JOHN B. DYKES

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-migh - ty! Ear-ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee.
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their golden crowns a - round the glas-sy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! though the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Cher-u-bim and Sera-phim - On-ly Thou art ho - ly! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer-ci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per - sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!

Come, Thou Almighty King

CHARLES WESLEY — (Italian Hymn) — GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to-ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r attend! Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
3. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort - er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al-might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!

Onward, Christian Soldiers

In 1865, the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould was Curate of the Horbury Bridge School in a small English village. A school festival was to be given for which a suitable song was desired but he could find no song in his books which he considered suitable to the occasion. To supply the necessity he wrote this now famous processional hymn which is the most universally sung of the hymns of today.

The spirited music written for it by Sir Arthur Seymour Sulliva has doubtless added to the enthusiasm with which it is always sung.

SABINE BARING-GOULD — SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN

1. On-ward, christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King.

CHORUS

Forward in to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine One in char-i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

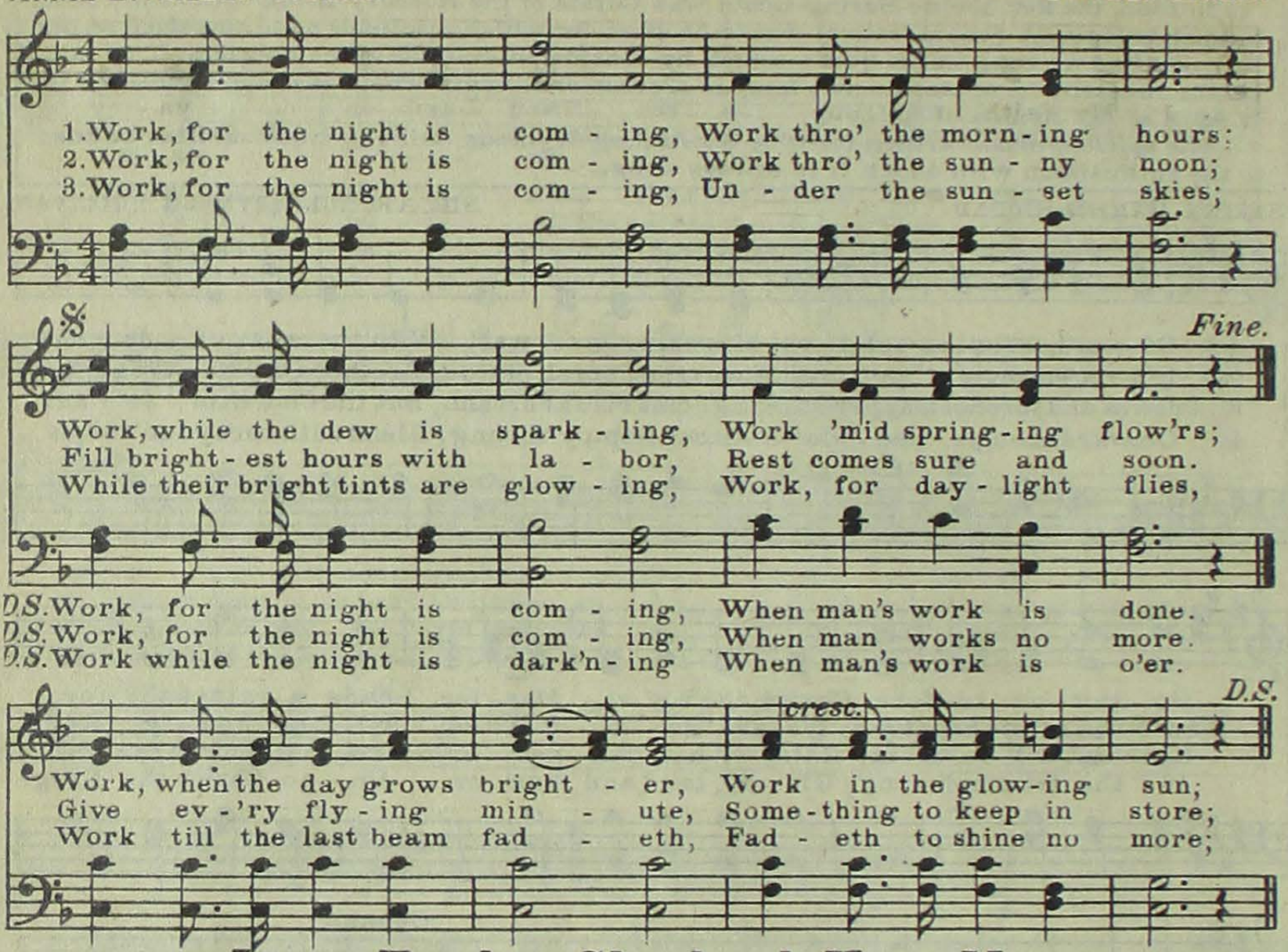
Now The Day Is Over

SABINE BARING-GOULD — JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the ev'ning Steal across the sky.
2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose, With Thy tend'rest blessing, May our eyelids clos
3. When the morning wakens, Then may we arise Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes.

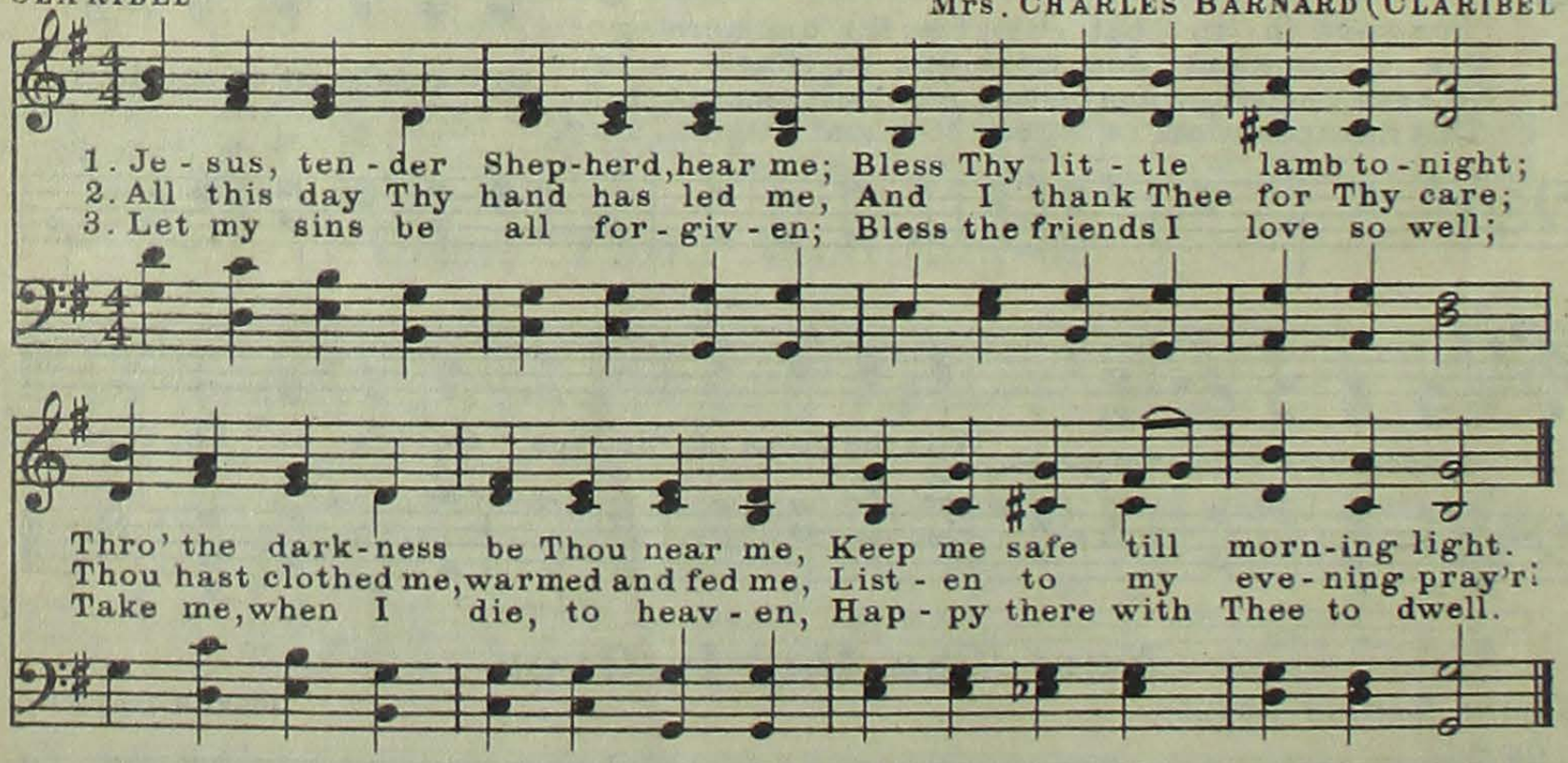
Work, For The Night Is Coming

ANNIE L. WALKER-COGHILL — LOWELL MASON



Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

CLARIBEL — Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD (CLARIBEL



The Twenty-third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
trust re-move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

Abide With Me

HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy

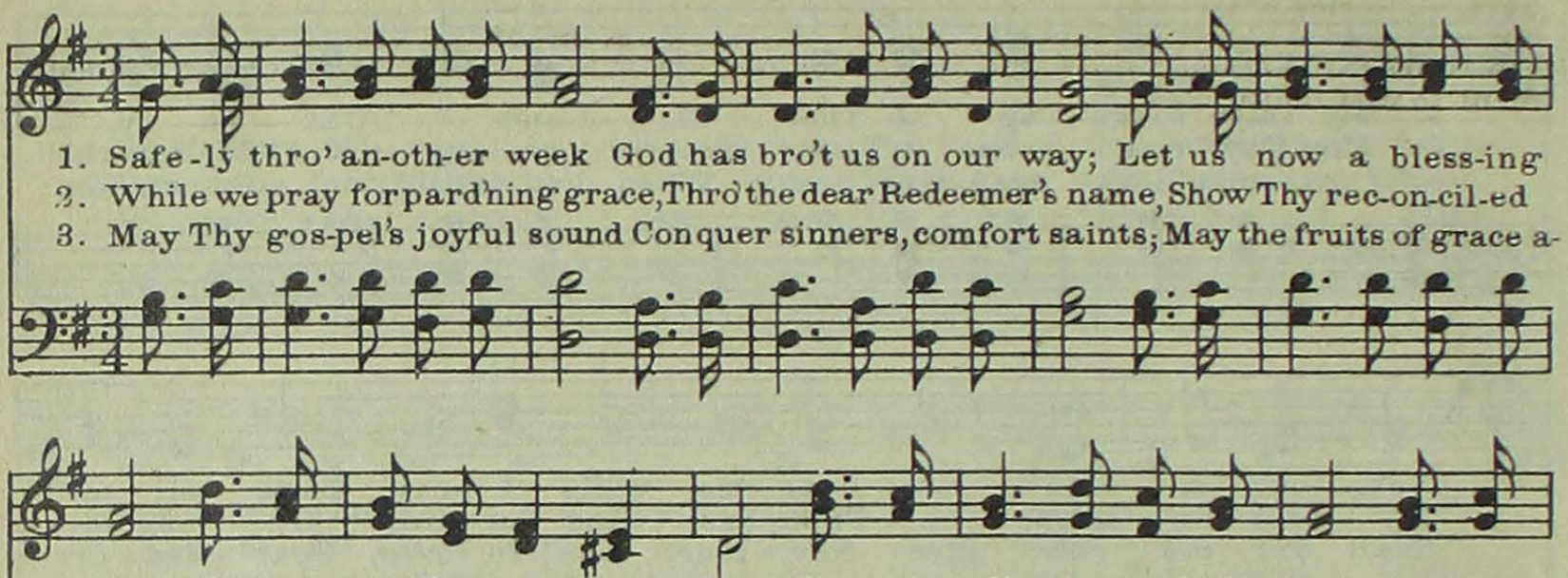
deep - ens — Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!

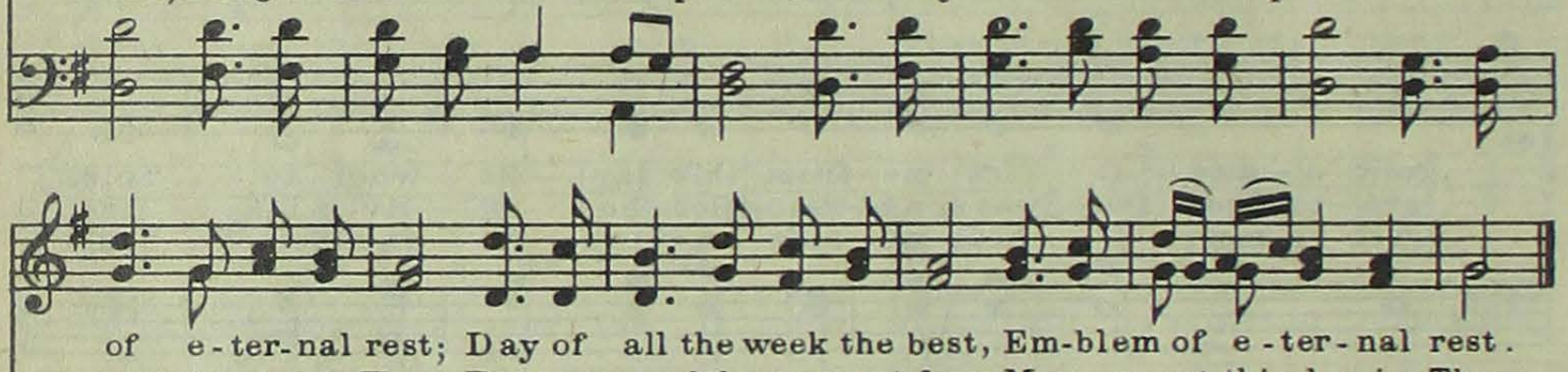
Safely Through Another Week

JOHN NEWTON — LOWELL MASON

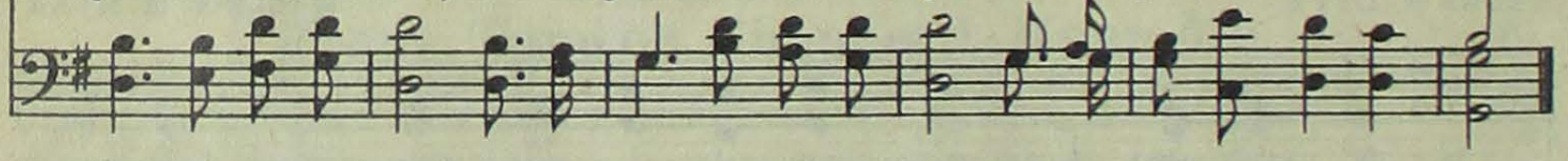
1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec-on-cil-ed
3. May Thy gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; May the fruits of grace a-



seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem
face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we
bound, Bring re-lief for all com-plaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we



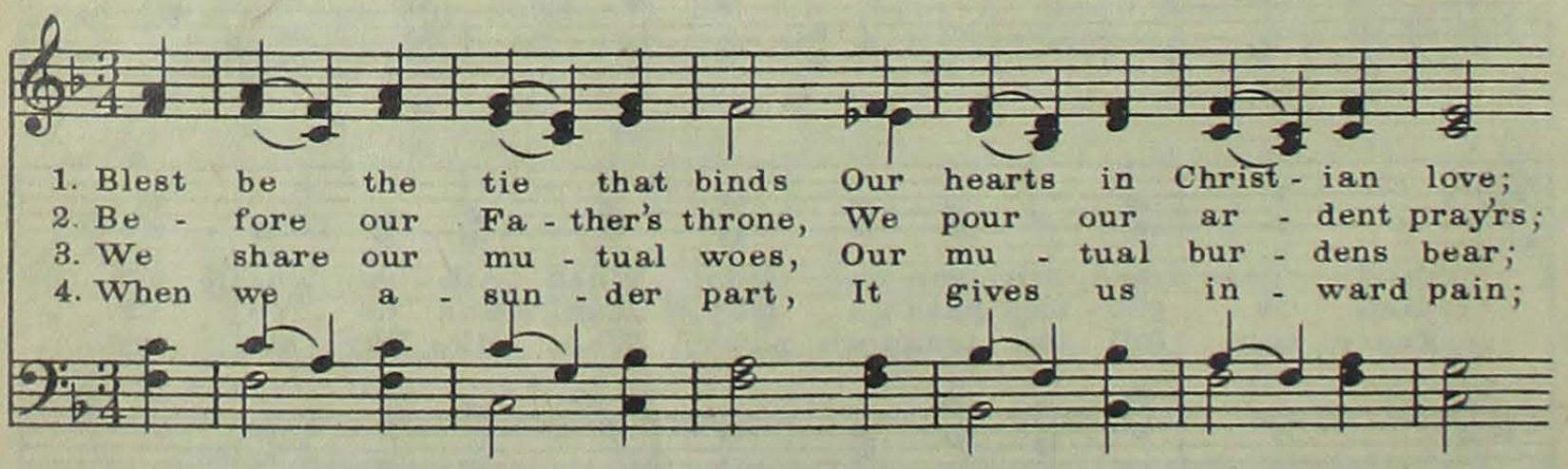
of e-ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
rest this day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
join the Church above; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we join the Church a-bove.



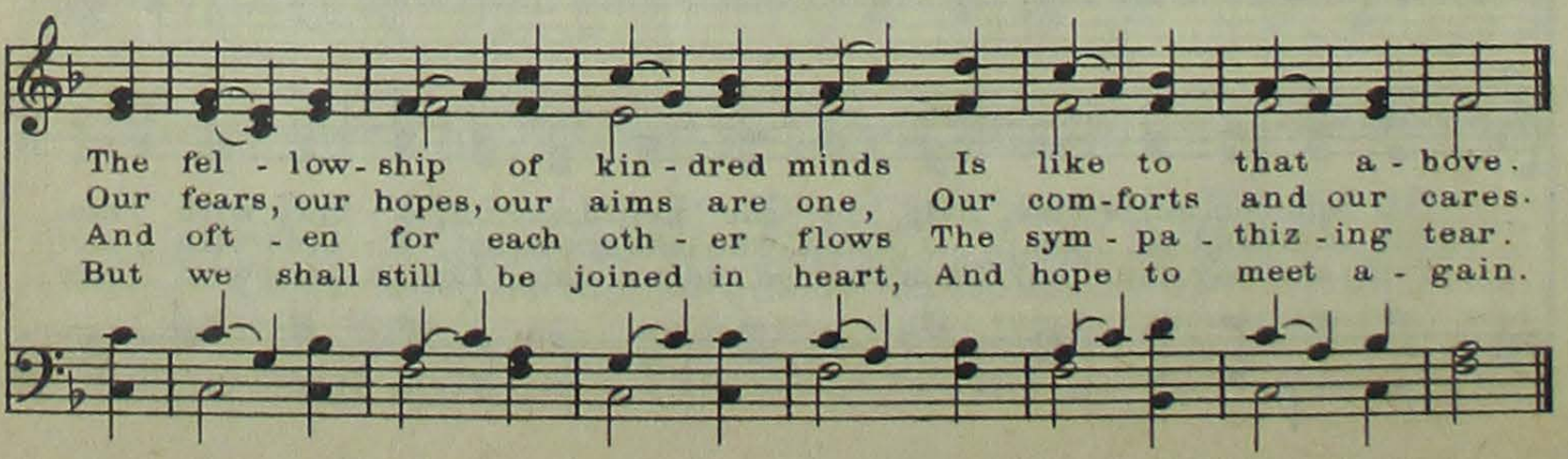
Blest Be The Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - ian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.



Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

In the foremost ranks of the composers of immortal lyric verse stands Charles Wesley. Several stories are told of the circumstances under which he wrote these beautiful stanzas but whatever the inciting cause, it resulted in inspiring one of the noblest songs of modern times. It is a song of comfort and of refuge, one that has brought peace and contentment to vast multitudes.

CHARLES WESLEY — SIMEON B. MARSH

1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest sill is high;

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - righteous - ness;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON

Slowly

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me
4. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D.S. Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Fine.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An-gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

D.S

Near - er to Thee.

God Be With You Till We Meet Again

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN — WILLIAM G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat-'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Till we meet, ___ till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet

Till we meet, ___ till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story

JEMIMA T. LUKE — ENGLISH AIR

1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And

I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story—Continued

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren like
arms had been thrown a-round me, That I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I thus ear - nest - ly

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

Jesus Loves Me

ANNA B. WARNER — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav-en's gates to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

REFRAIN

Lit - tle ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong. Yes, Je - sus
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
If I love Him, when I die, He will take me home on high.

loves me! Yes, Je-sus loves me! Yes, Je-sus loves me! The Bi-ble tells me so.

Lead, Kindly Light

On June 16, 1833, John Henry Newman, was on a ship becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio where he was traveling because of impaired health. At the same time he was being torn by the current spiritual unrest. It was under these conditions that he wrote this noble hymn which invoked aid in solving his great problem and which has since voiced the heartfelt prayers of thousands, for spiritual guidance.

The music was composed by John B. Dykes as he walked through the Strand, one of the busiest thoroughfares of London; a circumstance in striking contrast to that under which the words were written.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN — JOHN B. DYKES

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-ci-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see ___ The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears, ___ Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile ___ Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

cresc.

Holy Ghost! With Light Divine

ANDREW REED — L. M. GOTTSCHALK, Arr. by H. P. Main

1. Ho-ly Ghost! with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
2. Ho-ly Ghost! with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guil-ty heart of mine; Long hath sin with-out con-trol Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
3. Ho-ly Ghost! with joy divine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine; Bid my man-y woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
4. Ho-ly Spir-it! all divine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine; Cast down ev-'ry i-dol throne, Reign su-preme, and reign a-lone.

Now Thank We All Our God

MARTIN RINKART — JOHANN CRÜGER

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces,
2. O may this bounteous God, Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His earth re - joi - ces:
With ev - er joy-ful hearts, And bless-ed peace to cheer us,
The Son and Him who reigns, With them in high-est Heav - en;

Who from our moth-ers' arms Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace And guide us when per - plexed,
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and Heav - en adore;

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more!

Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

(Old Hundredth—The Doxology)

THOMAS KEN — LOUIS BOURGEOIS

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heavn-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Softly Now The Light Of Day

GEORGE W. DOANE — CARL M. VON WEBER

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

The First Christmas Carol

Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. CHORUS: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. — St. Luke's Gospel.

Deck The Hall

OLD WELSH AIR

1. Deck the halls with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
   'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
2. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
   Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
   Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

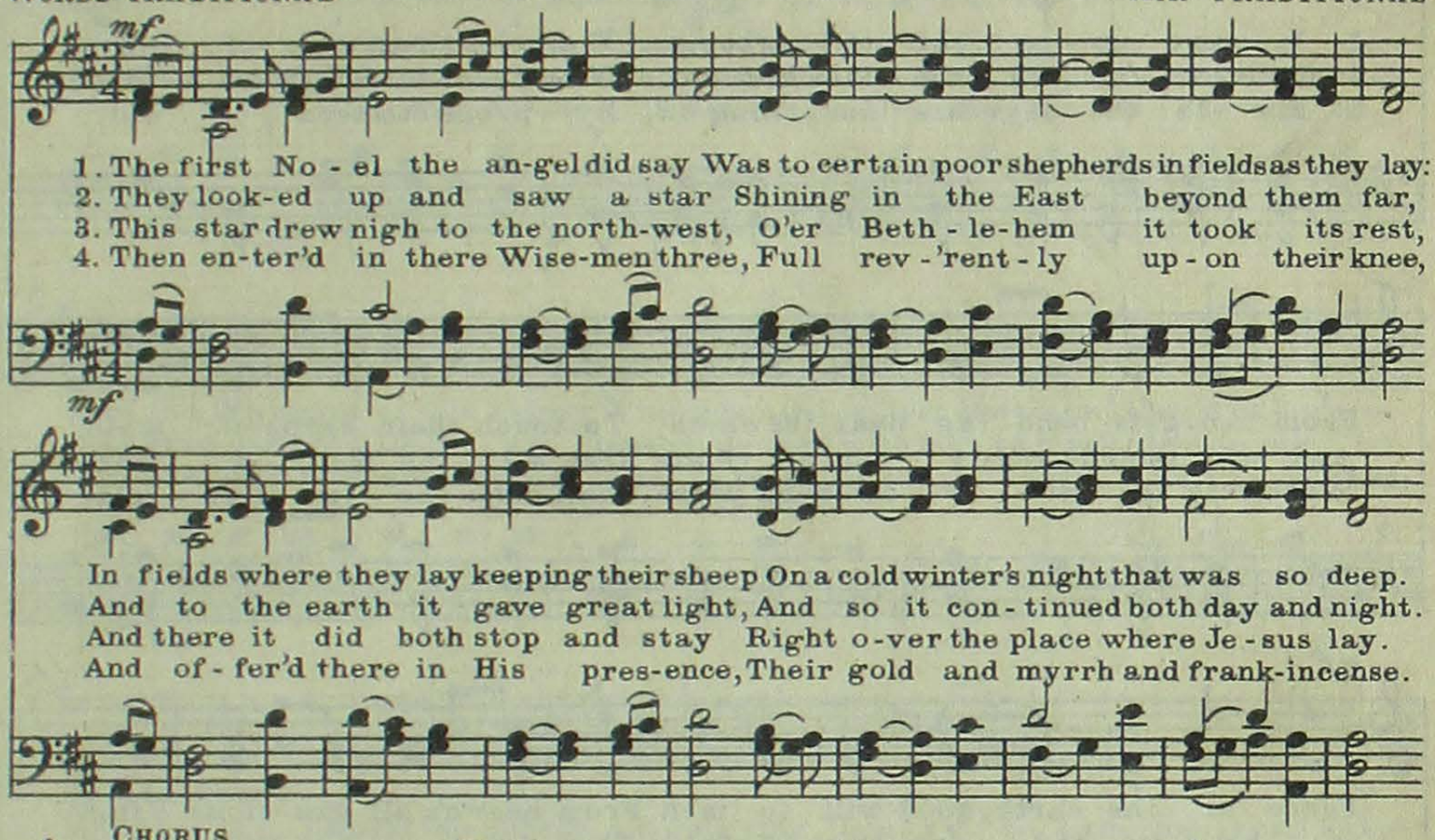
Don we now our gay ap - par - rel, Fa la la la la la la,
Fol - low me in mer - ry measure, Fa la la la la la la,
Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er, Fa la la la la la la,

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

The First Noel

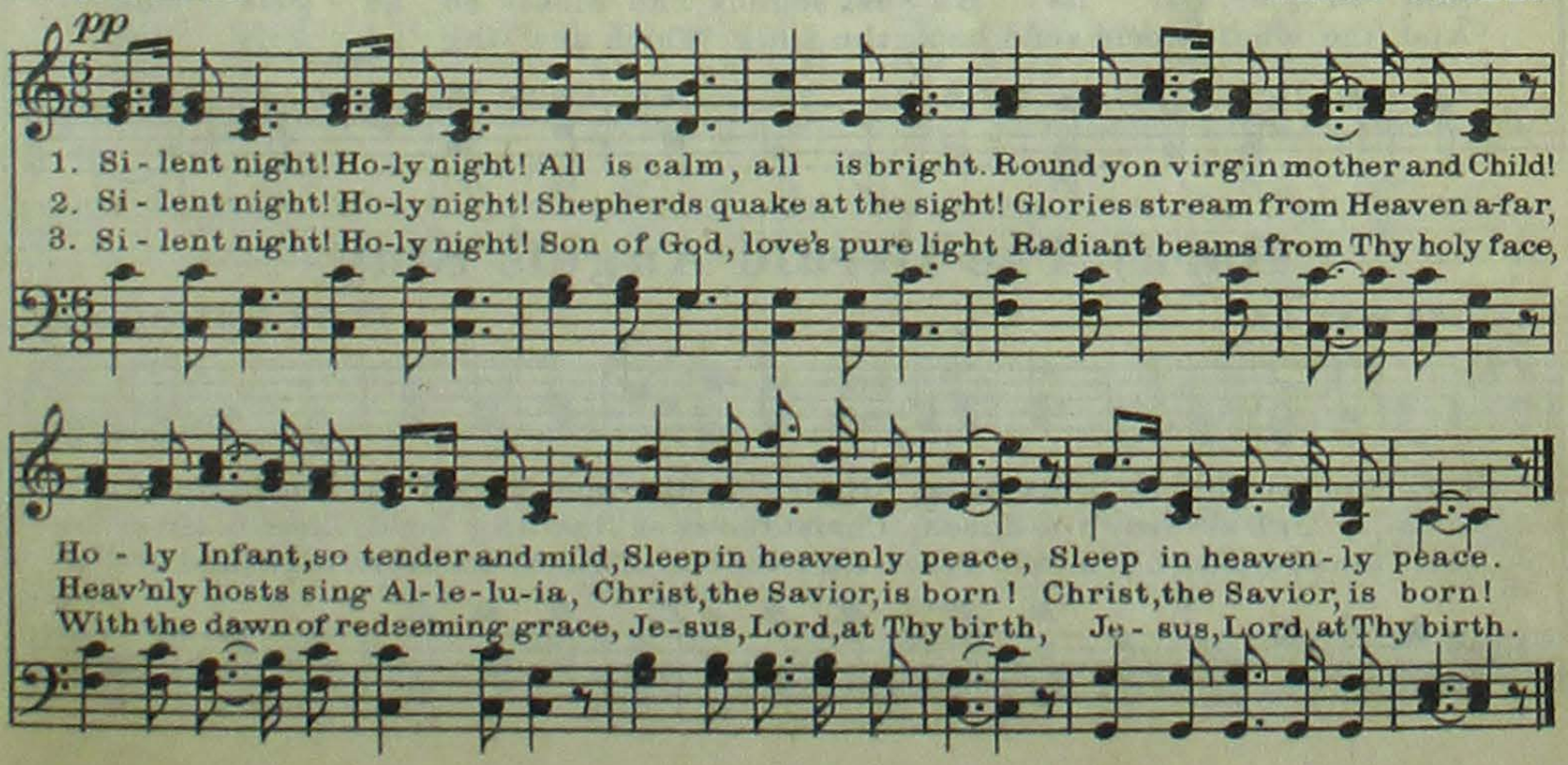
The term Noel is a French word meaning Christmas and is derived from the Latin "natalis" meaning birthday. The songs sung during the Christmas season were known as "Noels," "Nowels" or "Nowells," these names being equivalent to "Carols" in English.

WORDS TRADITIONAL — AIR TRADITIONAL



Silent Night

JOSEPH MÖHR — FRANZ GRÜBER



It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

EDWIN H. SEARS — RICHARD S. WILLIS

p

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
3. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By proph-ets seen of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Shall come the time fore - told,

mf

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all - gra - cious King;"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

pp

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY — FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Son of Right-eousness! Light and life to

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing—Continued

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off-spring of the fa-vored one. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo-ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty Pleased, as man with men to dwell, Je-sus, our Im-
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem!"
man-u-el!
sec-ond birth.
} Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

Glad Christmas Bells

1. Glad Christmas bells, your mu-sic tells The sweet and pleasant sto-ry;
2. No pal-ace hall its ceil-ing tall His king-ly head spread o-ver,
3. Nor rai-ment gay, as there He lay, A-dorn'd the in-fant stranger;
4. But from a-far, a splendid star The wise men westward turning;

How came to earth, in low-ly birth, The Lord of life and glo-ry.
There on-ly stood a sta-ble rude The heav-enly Babe to cov-er.
Poor, hum-ble child of moth-er mild, She laid Him in a man-ger.
The live-long night saw pure and bright, A-bove His birth place burn-ing.

From Every Spire On Christmas Eve

ELEANOR A. HUNTER — GEORGE COLES

1. From ev -'ry spire on Christ-mas Eve, The Christmas bells ring clearly out
2. A thousand bless-ed mem'ries throng, The stars are ho - ly signs to them,
3. To whom that sto - ry, old and sweet, Is but a fa - ble at the best,
4. That they, at last, may see the light Which shines from Beth'lem, and un-fold

Their message of good-will and peace, With man-y a call and sil-ver shout.
And from the eyes of ev -'ry child Looks forth the Babe of Beth-le - hem;
The Christmas mu-sic mocks their ears, And life has naught of joy or rest.
For Christ the treasures of their hearts, Rich-er than spi - cer - y or gold.

For faith-ful hearts, the an-gels' song Still ech-oes in the frost - y air,
But there are oth - ers, not like these, Whose brows are sad, whose hopes are cross'd,
Oh! for an an-gel's voice to pierce The clouds of grief that o'er them rise,
Hope of the a - ges, draw Thou near, Till all the earth shall own Thy sway,

And by the al - tar low they bow, In ad - o - ra - tion and in pray'r.
To whom the sea-son brings no cheer, And life's most gracious charm is lost.
The mists of doubt and un - be-lief That veil the blue of Christmas skies.
And when Thou reign'st in ev -'ry heart It will, in-deed, be Christmas day.

Lovely Evening

(Round)

1. *Somewhat quickly*

Oh, how love - ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning, When the bells are

2.

sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet-ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

3.

Joy To The World

ISAAC WATTS

GEORGE F. HANDEL
Arr. by Lowell Mason

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of His righteous - ness, And wonders of His love, And

And heav'n, and heav'n and nature

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN

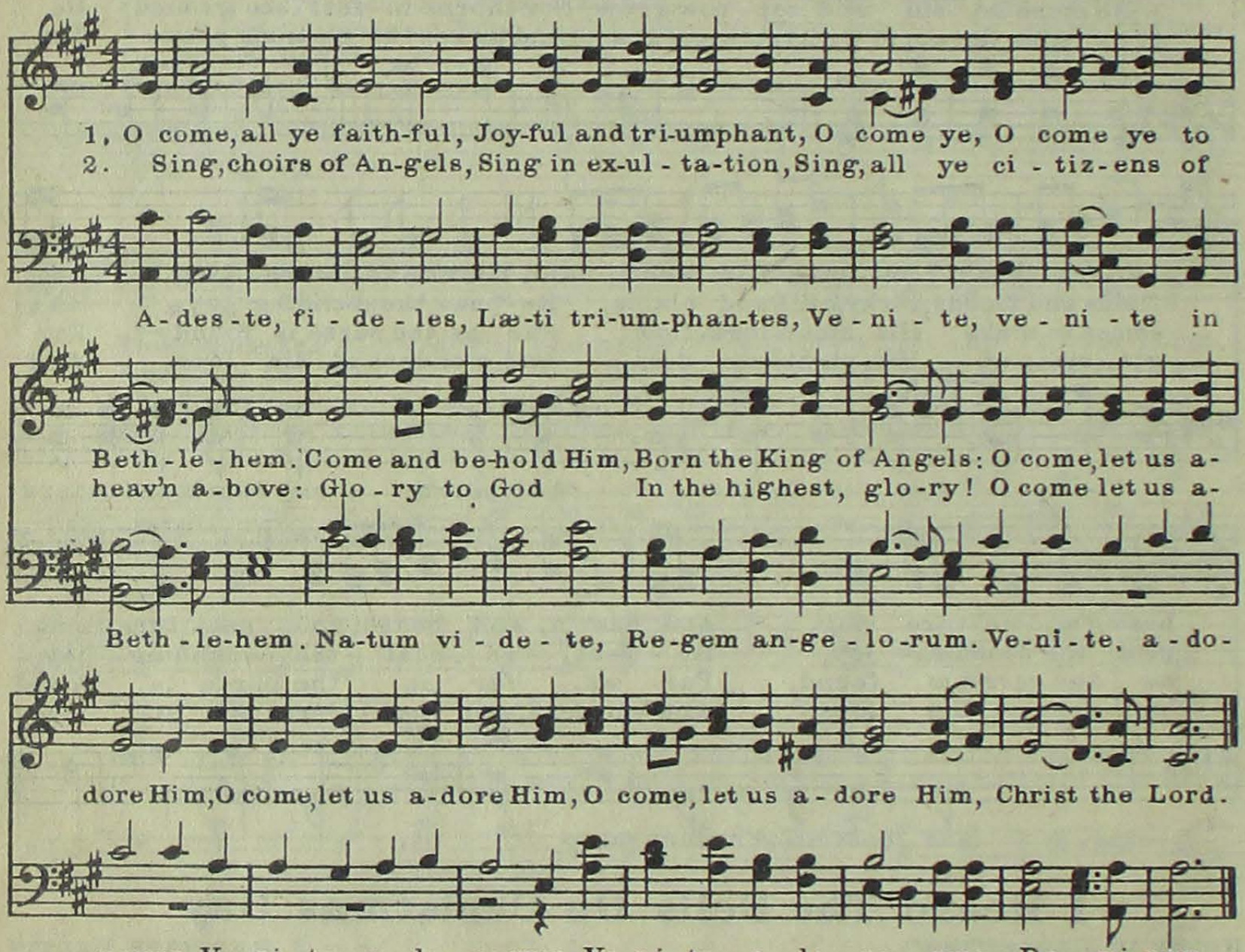
1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar ca - rols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Christ-en - dom
3. And in despair I bow'd my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
5. Till, ring - ing, sing-ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Had roll'd a - long th'un-bro-ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men.
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men!"
The wrong shall fail, the right pre-vail, With peace on earth, good will to men!"
A voice, a chime, a chant sub-lime, Of peace on earth, good will to men!

O Come, All Ye Faithful.

(Adeste Fideles)

This hymn is supposed to have been written during the 13th century. It is one of the most popular of the old Latin Hymns and is used in all Christian Churches, especially at Christmas. The author of the words is unknown. It was translated by F. Oakley, in 1841. The music is supposed to have been written by John Reading, an English organist of the 18th century.



How Firm A Foundation

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you
He hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

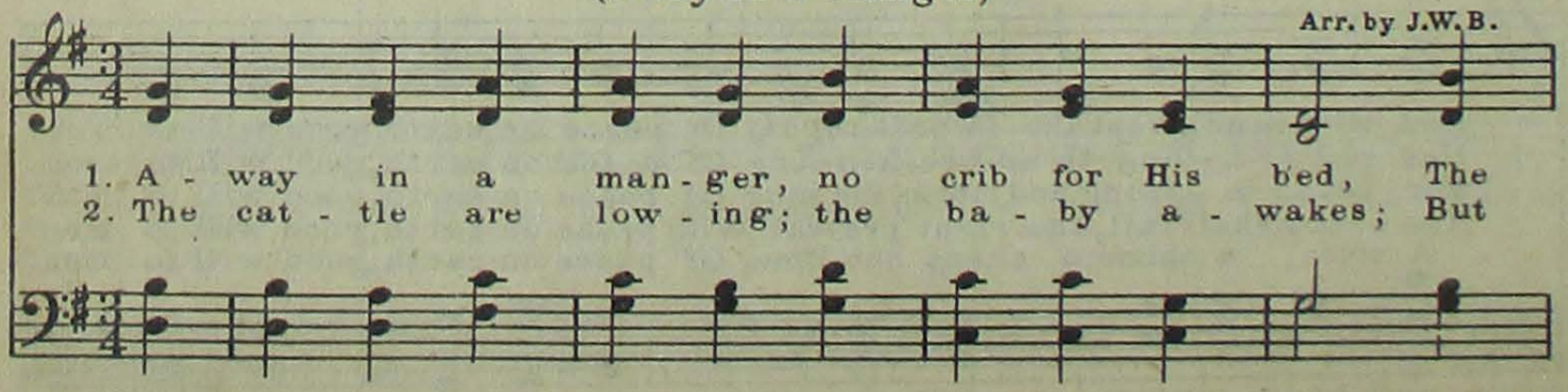
Luther's Cradle Hymn

(Away in a Manger)

MARTIN LUTHER

J. B. HERBERT

Arr. by J.W.B.



Luther's Cradle Hymn—Continued

lit-tle Lord Je-sus lay down His sweet head. The stars in the heav-ens Looked
lit-tle Lord Je-sus no cry-ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je-sus Look
down where He lay, The lit-tle Lord Je-sus a-sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle till morn-ing is nigh.

O, Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS — LEWIS H. REDNER

1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma-ry; And gath-ered all a-bove,
3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray;

A-bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si-lent stars go by:
While mor-tals sleep, the an-gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im parts to hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en-ter in, Be born in us to-day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-last-ing Light;
O morn-ing stars, to geth-er Pro-claim the ho-ly birth;
No ear may hear His com-ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an-gels The great glad tid-ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Whore meek souls will re-ceive Him, still The dear Christ en-ters in.
O come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord E-man-u-el.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

NAHUM TATE — ARR. FROM GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.
2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind, "Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
3. "To you in Da-vid's town this day, Is born of Da-vid's line, The Sav-ior, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign; And this shall be the sign;—
4. The heav'n-ly babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played, All mean-ly wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid. And in a man-ger laid!"
5. Thus spake the Ser-aph—and forth-with Ap-peared a shin-ing throng Of an-gels, prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dressed their joy-ful song:—Ad dressed their joy-ful song.
6. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-forth, from heav'n to me Be-gin and nev-er cease! Be-gin and nev-er cease!"

We Three Kings Of Orient Are

J.H.H. — JOHN H. HOPKINS

1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are, Bear-ing gifts we trav-erse far Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon-der Star.
2. Born a babe on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him a-gain; King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er, O-ver us all to reign.
3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I; In-cense owns a De-i-ty nigh, Pray'r and prais-ing all men rais-ing, Wor-ship God on high.
4. Myrrh is mine; its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of gath-'ring gloom; Sorrowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
5. Glo-rious now be-hold Him rise, King and God and Sac-ri-fice; Heav'n sings "Hal-le-lu-jah!" "Hal-le-lu-jah!" earth re-plies.

CHORUS

Oh, star of won-der, star of might, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright, West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to the per-fect light.

Jolly Old Saint Nicholas

1. Jol - ly old Saint Ni - cho - las, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a sin - gle soul What I'm going to say; Christmas Eve is com - ing soon; Now, you dear old man, Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.
2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast a - sleep, Down the chimney broad and black, With your pack you'll creep; All the stock-ings you will find Hang-ing in a row; Mine will be the short-est one, You'll be sure to know.
3. John-ny wants a pair of skates; Su - sy wants a dol - ly; Nel - lie wants a sto - ry book; She thinks dolls are fol-ly; As for me, my lit - tle brain Is - n't ver-y bright; Choose for me, old San-ta Claus, What you think is right.

Up On The House-Top

1. Up on the house-top rein - deer pause, Out jumps good old San-ta Claus; Down thro' the chimney with lots of toys, All for the lit-tle ones, Christmas joys.
2. First comes the stocking of lit - tle Nell; Oh, dear San - ta, fill it well; Give her a dol - lie that laughs and crys—One that will open and shut her eyes.
3. Next comes the stocking of lit - tle Will; Oh, just see what a glorious fill! Here is a ham-mer and lots of tacks, Al - so a ball and a whip that cracks.

CHORUS

Ho, ho, ho! who would-n't go! Ho, ho, ho! who would-n't go!
Up on the house-top, click, click, click, Down thro' the chimney with good Saint Nick

The six following Nursery Rhymes, which all children know and love, date back so many years that their origin is more or less obscure. The verses in the form used here probably came from England and most of the settings are by J.W. Elliott.

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep

Lively

f *p*

Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an - y wool? Yes, sir,

p

yes, sir! Three bags full, One for my mas - ter, and one for my

p

dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Lively

f

Hey, diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon, The

lit-tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran af-ter the spoon.

Dickory, Dickory, Dock

Lively

mf

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock; The mouse ran up the clock; The

clock struck "one," The mouse ran down; Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock.

Little Jack Horner

Lively

Lit - tle Jack Horner sat in a cor - ner, Eat - ing a Christmas pie, He put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, And said "What a good boy am I."

Little Bo-Peep

Moderately
mf

Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them, Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails be - hind them.

See-Saw, Margery Daw

Lively
mf

See - saw, Mar - ge - ry Daw, Jack shall have a new mas - ter, He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he won't work any fast - er.

Indian Lullaby

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

WALTER H. AIKEN

p

1. Rock - a - bye, my
2. Hush - a - bye, my
3. Sleep, O sleep, my

Dreamily

p

lit - tle ow - let, In thy mos - sy, sway - ing nest,
lit - tle ow - let, Ma - ny voic - es sing to thee,
lit - tle ow - let, Thro' our tent the moon shines bright,

With thy lit - tle wood - land broth - ers, Close thine eyes and
"Hush - a - bye," the wa - ter whis - pers, "Hush!" re - plies the
Like a great eye it will watch thee, Sleep till comes the

take thy rest.
tall pine tree.
morning light.

To whoo, to whoo, to whoo, to

Indian Lullaby– Continued

whoo.

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The Robin And Chicken

(Scale Song)

WALTER H. AIKEN

1. A plump lit - tle rob - in flew down from a tree, To
2. Said the chick "What a queer look - ing chick - en is that, Its
3. "Can you sing," rob - in asked, and the chick - en said, "No," But

hunt for a worm which it happened to see, A frisk-y young chicken came
wings are so long and its bo - dy so flat!" While rob-in remarked loud e-
asked in its turn if the rob - in could crow, So the bird sought a tree, and the

scamper - ing by, And gazed at the rob - in with won-der - ing eye.
nough to be heard, "Dear me, an ex - ceed - ing-ly strange looking bird!"
chicken a wall; And each tho't the oth - er knew nothing at all.

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Robin Redbreast

ALLINGHAM — FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN

1. Good - bye, good-bye to Sum-mer, For the Sum-mer's nearly done,
2. Bright yel - low, red and or - ange, The leaves come down in hosts,
3. The fire-side for the crick - et, The wheat-stack for the mouse,

For the Summer's near-ly done; The gar-den smil-ing faint - ly, Cool
The leaves come down in hosts, The trees are In - dian prin - ces, But
The wheat-stack for the mouse, When trembling night-winds whistle And

breez-es in the sun; The thrushes now are si - lent, Our swallows flown a-
soon they'll turn to ghosts; The leath'ry pears and apples Hang russet on the
moan all round the house; The frost-y ways, like i-ron, The branches, plum'd with

way, But Rob - in's here in coat of brown, And scar-let breast-knot gay.
bough; 'Tis Au - tumn, Au - tumn, Au-tumn, late, 'Twill soon be Win - ter now.
snow, A - las! in Win - ter dead and dark, Where can poor Rob-in go?

CHORUS

O Rob - in, Rob - in Red-breast, O Rob - in, Rob - in dear, O
Rob - in sings so sweet - ly in the fall - ing of the year.

Cradle Song

KARL SIMROCK
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS

1. Lul-la - by and good night! With ro - ses be - dight, Creep in - to thy bed, There pil - low thy head
2. Lul-la - by and good night! Those blue eyes close tight, Bright an-gels are near, So sleep with-out fear.

If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn - ing doth break,
They will guard thee from harm, With fair dream-land's sweet charm.

If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn-ing doth break.
They will guard thee from harm, With fair dream-land's sweet charm.

Singing In The Rain

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

1.Where the elm-tree branches By the rain are stirr'd, Careless of the show-er
Swings a lit-tle bird: Clouds may frown and darken, Drops may fall in vain,
Lit-tle heeds the warbler Sing-ing in the rain. Dimmer fall the shad-ows,
Mist-ier grows the air, Still the black clouds gather, Dark'ning here and there.

2.From their heavy frin-ges, Pour their drops a-main; Still the bird is sing-ing,
Sing-ing in the rain. O thou hope-ful sing-er, Whom my faith perceives
To a dove transfigured, Bring-ing ol-ive leaves; Ol-ive leaves of prom-ise,
Types of joy to be; How in doubt and tri-al Learns my heart of thee.

3.Cheerful summer prophet! List'ning to thy song, How my faint-ing spir-it
Grow-eth glad and strong. Let the black clouds gather, Let the sunshine wane,
If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain. Let the black clouds gather,
Let the sunshine wane, If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain.

Good Morning To You

PATTI S. HILL — MILDRED HILL

Brightly

Good morn-ing to you, Good morn-ing to you,

Good Morning To You — Continued

Good - morn - ing, dear chil - dren, Good - morn - ing to all.

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Waiting To Grow

WALTER H. AIKEN

1. Lit - tle white snow-drop, just wak - ing up, Vi - o - let,
2. Think what a host of queer lit - tle seeds, Of flow-ers and

dai - sy and sweet but - ter - cup; Un - der the leaves and the
mos - ses and ferns and weeds Are un - der the leaves and the

ice and the snow, Wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing to grow.
ice and the snow, Wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing to grow.

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Twinkle, Little Star

JANE TAYLOR — WOLFGANG MOZART

Not too slowly

1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star; How I won-der what you are,
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up - on,
3. Then the trav'ller in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny spark;
4. In the dark blue sky you keep, While you thro' my win - dow peep,

Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky!
Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night.
He could not see where to go, If you did not twinkle so.
And you nev - er shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I won-der what you are.

A Little Man

FOLK SONG
sung in Hansel and Gretel
HUMPERDINCK

Moderately quick

mf

A ti - ny lit-tle man stands in for - est dim, A cunning lit-tle

man-tle he wears on him, Who can this fig-ure be, stand-ing 'neath a

ritard

for-est tree, With the man-tle hang-ing down to his knee?

I Will Sing A Lullaby

17th Century
ENGLISH CRADLE SONG

Somewhat slowly

p

1. Gold-en slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise; Sleep, pretty lov'd ones,
2. Care is heav-y, there-fore sleep, Mother here safe watch will keep; Sleep, pretty lov'd ones,

do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la-by,
do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la-by,

p

Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul - la-by.

The Cuckoo

GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, wel-come thy song! Win - ter is go - ing,
2. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, war-ble a - way; Bring the sweet flow - ers,

Soft breez - es blow - ing, Spring time, spring time, soon will be here.
Sun - shine and show - ers, Spring time, spring time, do not de - lay.

Hop, Hop, Hop!

GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top, Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis stony,
2. Whoa, whoa, whoa! How like fun you go! Ver - y well, my lit - tle po - ny,
3. Here, here, here! Yes, my po-ny dear; Now with oats and hay I'll treat you,

Trudge a-long, my lit - tle po - ny, Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top.
Safe's our jaunt tho' rough and stony, Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare! Sure enough we're there.
And with smiles will ev - er greet you, Po-ny, po - ny dear! Yes my po - ny dear.

Lightly Row

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Light-ly row! light-ly row! O'er the glass-y waves we go; Smooth-ly glide!
smoothly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa-ters be
mingled with our mel-o-dy, Sing and float! sing and float! In our lit-tle boat.

At Pierrot's Door

FRENCH FOLK SONG

mf Moderately quick

1. With the moon's pale shim-mer, Lit - tle friend Pier - rot, Shines thy can-dle's
2. See my lan - tern flick - er, Now the light is out; Now the snow falls

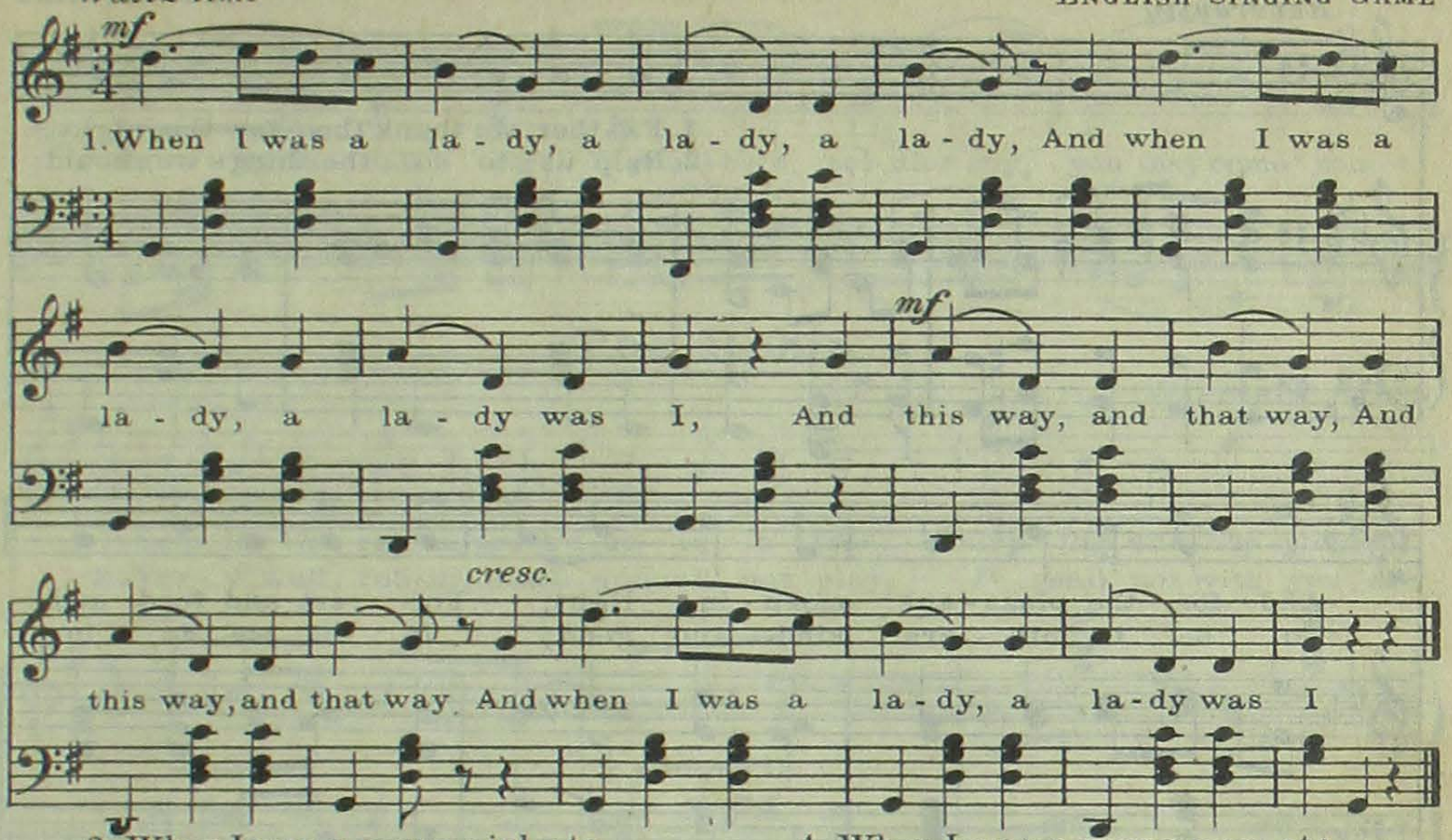
glim - mer On the fall - en snow. Lend a pen, I pray thee,
thick - er, Round and round a - bout. Gusts go hel - ter - skel - ter,

But a word to write, One fare-well to say thee Ere I go to-night.
Lo, the night is old! Ope and give me shel-ter Ere I die of cold!

When I Was A Lady

Waltz time

ENGLISH SINGING GAME



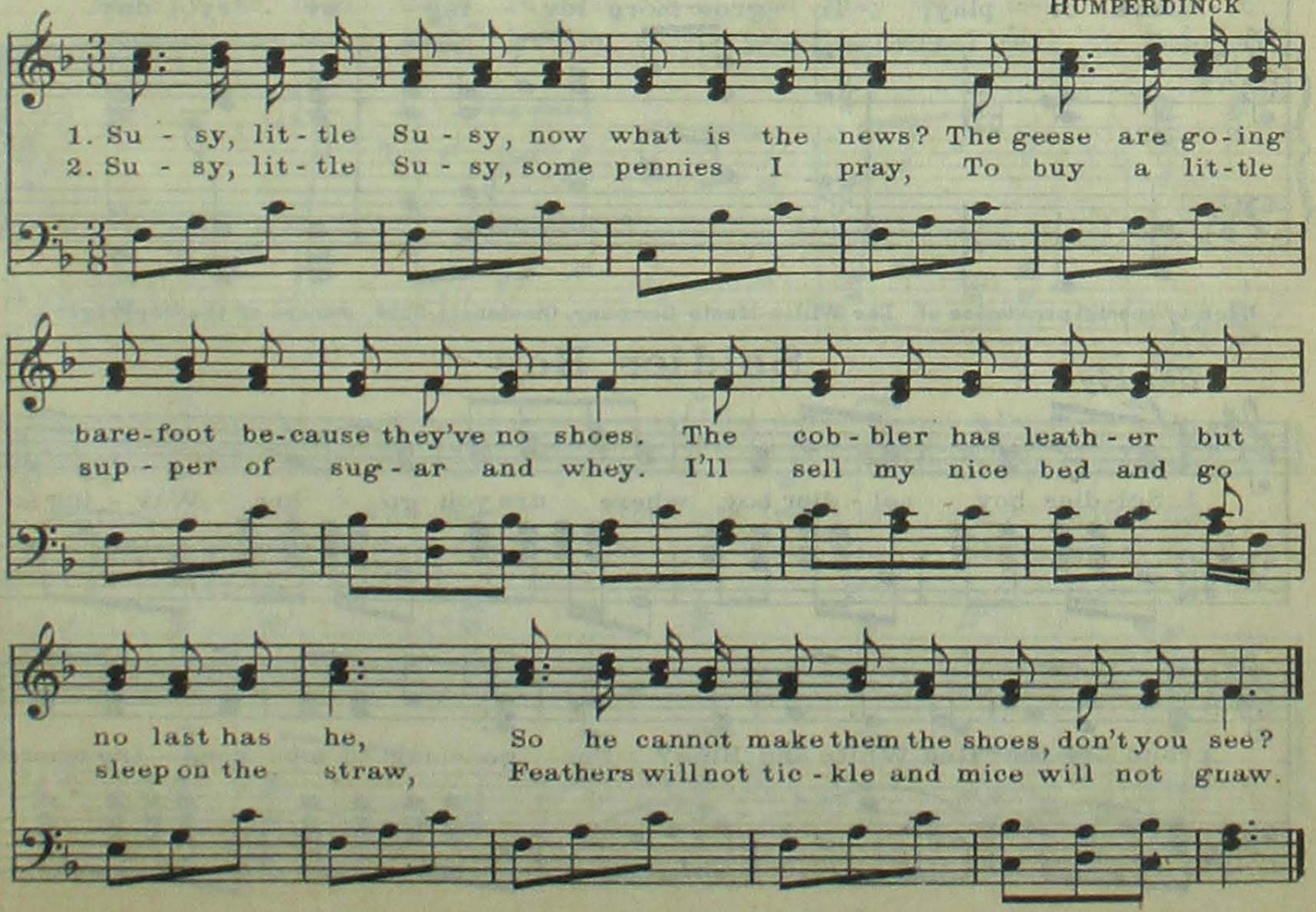
2. When I was a young girl, etc.
3. When I was a dancer, etc.
4. When I was a young man, etc.
5. When I was a soldier, etc.

For this motion song a leader is chosen who, while the first verse is being sung, imitates the actions of a lady, curtseying first to the left then to the right. Another leader is chosen for each of the characters in the other verses. The other children imitate the motions of the leader.

Susy, Little Susy

TRANSLATION

FOLK SONG
sung in Hansel and Gretel
HUMPERDINCK



Morning Prayer

Reverently

K. D. WIGGINS

1. Fa - ther, we thank Thee for the night,
2. Help us to do the things we should;

And for the pleas - ant morn - ing light; For rest and food and
To be to oth - ers kind and good; In all we do, in

lov - ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.
work or play, To grow more lov - ing ev - 'ry day.

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Soldier Boy

Quickly

1. Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, where are you go - ing, Wav - ing so

proud - ly the Red, White and Blue? I'm go - ing to my coun - try where

Soldier Boy—Continued

cresc.

du - ty is call - ing, If you'll be a sol-dier boy, you may come too.

The Robin

WALTER H. AIKEN

1. Dear lit-tle rob-in perch'd up in a tree, Chirp - ing and hop-ping so
2. Ver - y well, rob-in, since you will not play, I shall not with you one

hap - py and free; Come in, dear rob-in, and play with me! Rob - in!
moment more stay; Rude lit - tle rob-in, pray, hear what I say! Rob - in!

rob - in! play with me; Rob - in! rob - in! play with me.
rob - in! rob-in, good-day; Rob - in! rob - in! rob - in, good - day!

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January and February

JANE B. WALTERS — GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. When Jan-u-ar-y days are here, The air is crisp, the sky is clear, Come join our out-door
2. When Feb-ru-ary north winds blow, Lake, hill and road are heaped with snow, Come join our in-door

plays, Come join our out-door plays. For o'er the ice we're glid - ing, Or
plays, Come join our in-door plays. Like lit-tle gob-lins hop - ping The

down the hill we're sliding, Or in a bob-sled rid-ing In Jan-u-ar-y days.
feath-ery corn is popping In salt-y pan soon dropping, In Feb-ru-ar-y days.

'Tis Springtime

JANE B. WALTERS — SÜSSMAYER

1. 'Tis spring time, 'tis spring time, Cold win-ter is past; Warm breez-es are
2. 'Tis spring time, 'tis spring time, All na-ture's re-born; Shy flow-ers, fresh

blow-ing And May's here at last; The birds are re - turn-ing, Their
grass-es The hill-sides a - dorn; The or-chards and wood-lands With

songs fill the air; And mea-dows are smil-ing With blossoms so fair.
col - ors are gay, The glad earth re - joic-es Through all the bright day.

Farewell To Summer

JANE B. WALTERS — SWABIAN FOLK SONG

1. When the nights grow cold, And Jack Frost bold Creeps forth at setting sun; Leaves will turn to
2. Friend-ly birds take wing And no lon-ger sing On branch or tree-top high; Cold gray clouds are

red and brown, Soon they'll all come rustling down, Falling, fall ing. Sum-mer-time is done.
in the sky, Flowers droop and slow-ly die Fad-ing, fad-ing. Sum-mer-time, good-bye.

The Birds' Return

JANE B. WALTERS — BOHEMIAN FOLK SONG

1. All the birds are here a-gain With their happy voic-es; Nois-y sparrow, wren so bright,
2. On the ground and in the air See their colors flash-ing; Ro-bin dear, with breast of red,
3. Thro' the woods and pastures green Feather'd hosts are flying, Meadow-lark with war-ble gay,

Chirp and sing from morn till night, Tell-ing us of springs de-light. Ev-'ry-one re - joic-es.
Scratch-ing in the gar-den bed, Blue-bird calling o-ver-head To and fro they're dashing.
Bob-White whistling all the day, Mock-ing-bird in coat of gray, To their calls re-plying.

TRANSLATION

Slumber Song

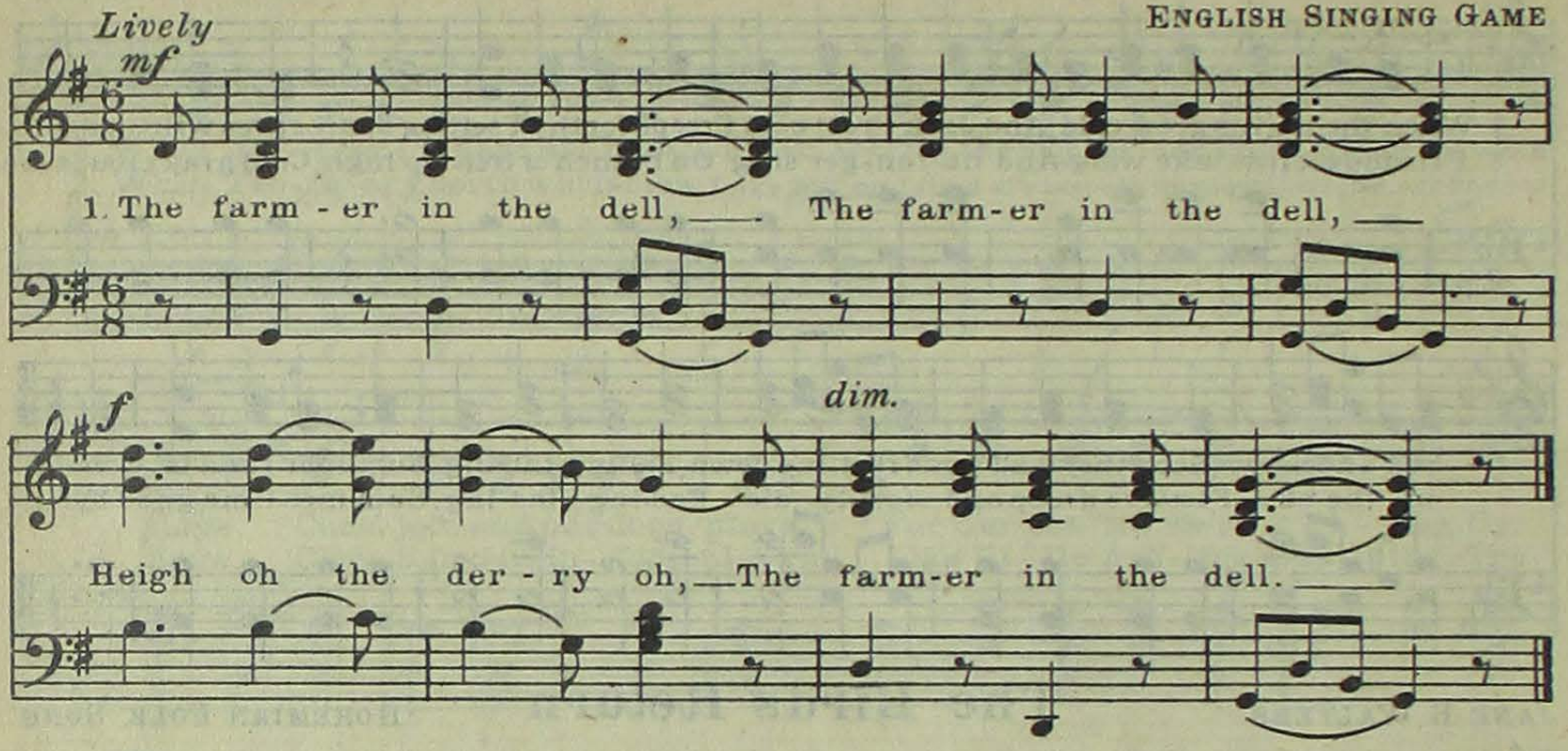
FRANZ SCHUBERT

1. Slum-ber, slum-ber, ten-der lit-tle flower, Mother's loving care doth a round thee twine;
2. Slum-ber, slum-ber, lit-tle fad-ed flower, Still doth mother's love around thee glow;

Sweet and rest - ful be this hour— Sooth-ing fall this lull-a-by of mine.
Strong-er is it than earth-ly pow'r Guarding thee where e'er thy spir-it go.

The Farmer In The Dell

ENGLISH SINGING GAME

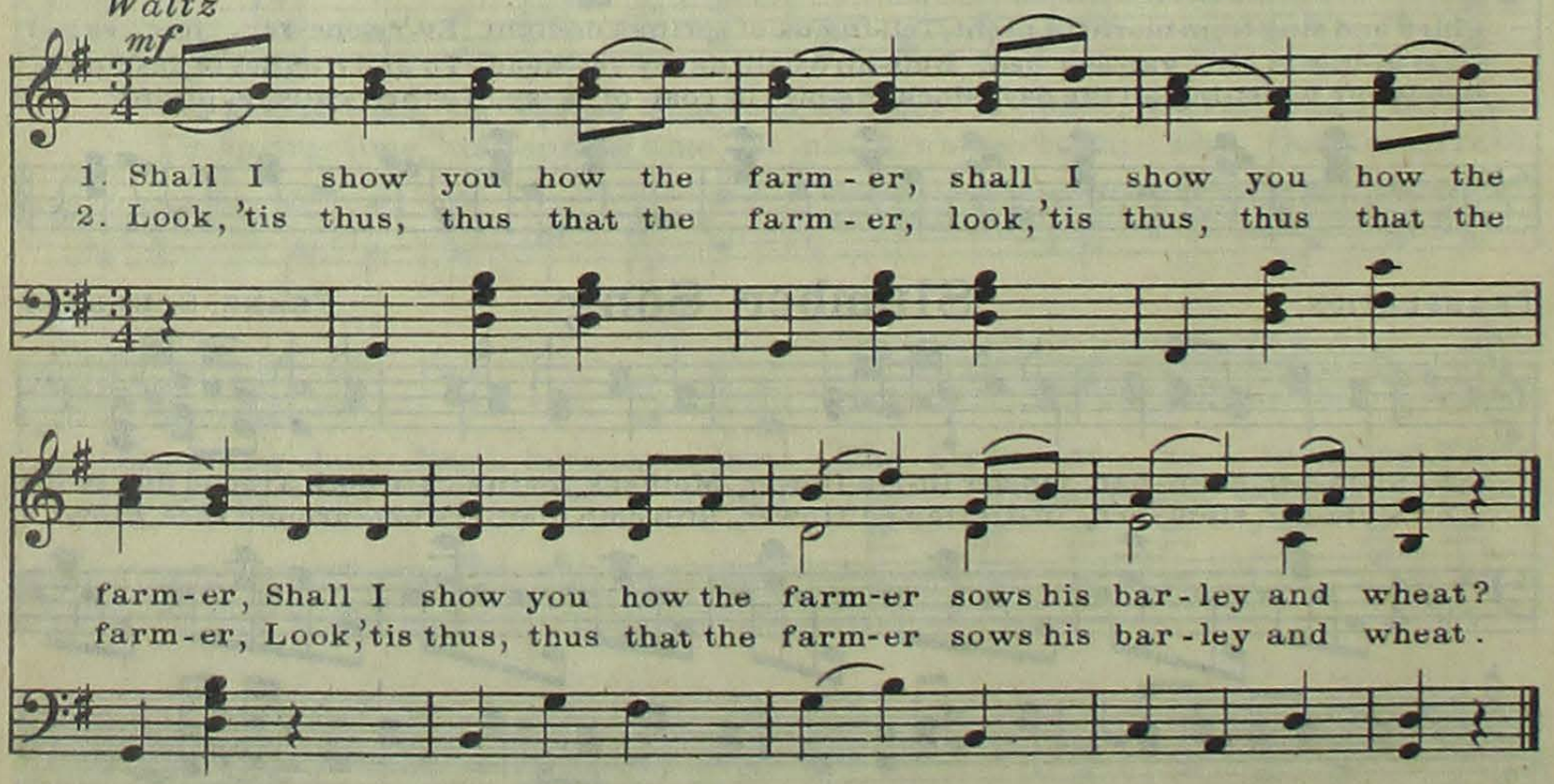


2. The farmer takes a wife, etc.
3. The wife takes the child, etc.
4. The child takes the nurse, etc.
5. The nurse takes the dog, etc.
6. The dog takes the cat, etc.
7. The cat takes the rat, etc.
8. The rat takes the cheese, etc.
9. The cheese stands alone, etc.

The children form a circle. One of them, representing the farmer, stands in the center and while the second verse is being sung, chooses 'a wife!' This one chooses "the child" and so on until "the cheese" is selected when the game is repeated.

The Farmer

ENGLISH SINGING GAME



3. Shall I show you how the farmer, etc.
Reaps his barley and wheat.

4. Look 'tis thus, thus that the farmer, etc.
Reaps his barley and wheat.

5. Shall I show you how the farmer, etc.
Threshes barley and wheat.

6. Look 'tis thus, thus that the farmer, etc.
Threshes barley and wheat.

As this song is sung, the children imitate the farmer sowing, reaping and threshing his wheat.

The Farmyard

OLD LONDON FOLK SONG

Lively

mf

1. Up was I on fa - ther's farm On a May - day morn - ing
   Feed-ing of my fa - ther's cows On a May - day morn - ing
2. Up was I on fa - ther's farm On a May - day morn - ing
   Feed-ing of my fa - ther's goats On a May - day morn - ing

mf

1 *(Omit second time)* 2

ear - ly, ear - ly. With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo there,
ear - ly, ear - ly. With a nan, nan here, and a nan, nan there,

Here a moo, there a moo, here a pret-ty moo;
Here a nan, there a nan, here a pret-ty nan;
Six pret-ty maids, come

mf

gang a-long o' me To the mer-ry green fields and the farm-yard.

This song may be continued by using the names of other animals and the sounds they make as sheep (baa-baa), ducks (quack-quack).

A Capital Ship

Spirited

OLD ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Walloping Win-dow Blind! No
2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se-date, Yet fond of a-muse-ment too; He
3. The cap-tain sat on the commodore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off
4. All nau-ti-cal pride we laid a-side, And we ran the ves-sel a - shore On the
5. On Rug - bug bark, from morn till dark, We dined till we all had grown Un -

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the cap - tain's mind. The
play'd hop-scotch with the starboard watch, While the captain tickled the crew. And the
toast-ed pigs and pickles and figs, And gun-ner-y bread each day. And the
Gul-i-by Isles where the Poo-poo smiles, And the rub - bly Up - dugs roar. And we
commonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk Came up from the Tor-ri-bly zone. She was

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Tho' it
gun-ner we had was ap-par-ent-ly mad, For he sat on the aft-er rai-ai-ail, And
cook was Dutch and be-haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew-ew-ew, Was a
sat on the edge of a sand - y ledge And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee; And the
chubby and square, but we didn't much care, So we cheer-i-ly put out to sea-ea-ea; And we

of - ten ap-peared, when the gale had clear'd, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale!
number of tons of hot cross buns Served up with sug-ar and glue.
cin-na-mon bats wore wa-ter proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
left all the crew of the junk to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.

A Capital Ship—Continued

CHORUS

Then blow, ye winds, heigh ho! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll stay no more on

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll

cross the raging main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

hm ——— CHORUS LEADER

Swing low sweet chariot, Com-in' fo' to car-ry me home, Swing low sweet chariot,

hm ——— hm ——— hm ——— hm ———

CHORUS *Fine.* LEADER CHORUS

Com-in' fo' to car-ry me home.

1. I looked o-ver Jordan and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. The brightest day that ev-er I saw,
4. I'm some-times up and some-times down,

} Comin' fo' to

LEADER CHORUS

car-ry me home,

A band of angels com-in' after me,
Tell all my friends I'm com - in' too,
When Jesus wash'd my sins a - way,
But still my soul feels heav'n - ly bound,

} Comin' fo' to car-ry me home.

TRANSLATION

The Little Dustman

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Moderately quick

1. The flow'rets all sleep sound-ly Beneath the moon's bright ray; They nod their heads to-
2. Now see, the lit-tle dust-man At the window shows his head And looks for an-y

geth - er And dream the night away. The rust'ling trees wave to and fro, And murmur soft and
chil-dren Who ought to be in bed; And as each weary one he spies, Throws dust into his

p

low. Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep on, my lit-tle one.
eyes. Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep on, my lit-tle one.

1 2

Adapted by
JANE B. WALTERS

The Patriots

THÜRINGIAN FOLK SONG

1. 'Tis here we are pledging with heart and with hand, Full measure of de-vo-tion to
2. Now all join the cho-rus, let u-nion a-bide, The flag is waving o'er us for
3. O star-ry Old Glo-ry of red, white and blue! We love thy honored sto-ry; to

thee, our na-tive land; Full measure of de-vo-tion to thee, our na-tive land.
which our fa-thers died; The flag is waving o'er us for which our fa-thers died.
thee we'll e'er be true; We love thy honored sto-ry; to thee we'll e'er be true.

I Ain't Gwine Study War No More

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

LEADER — Down! — Down!

1. Gwine to lay down my bur - den, Down by the riverside, Down by the river side, Down by the
2. Gwine to lay down my sword an' shiel', Down by the riverside, Down by the river side, Down by the
3. Gwine to try on my long white robe Down by the riverside, Down by the river side, Down by the
4. Gwine to try on my star - ry crown, Down by the riverside, Down by the river side, Down by the

LEADER — Down!

riv-er side; Gwine to lay down my bur - den, Down by the river side, to study war no more.
riv-er side; Gwine to lay down my sword an' shiel' Down by the river side, to study war no more.
riv-er side; Gwine to try on my long white robe, Down by the river side, to study war no more.
riv-er side; Gwine to try on my star-ry crown, Down by the river side, to study war no more.

REF.

I ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more; ——

study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more! —— no more!

Go Down, Moses

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

LEADER — CHORUS — LEADER — CHORUS

1. When Israel was in Egypt's land, Let my people go! Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my people
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said, Let my people go! If not I'll smite your first born dead, Let my people

go! Go down, Moses, Way down in Egypt's land; Tell old Pharoah, Let my peo-ple go!
go! Go down, Moses, Way down in Egypt's land; Tell old Pharoah, Let my peo-ple go!

There Are Many Flags In Many Lands

M.H. HOWLISTON

1. There are many flags in many lands, There are flags of ev'ry hue; But there is no flag, how
2. I know where the prettiest colors are, And I'm sure if I only knew How to get them here I'd
3. I would cut a piece from an ev'ning sky, Where the stars are shining thro', And use it, just as it
4. Then I'd want a piece of a fleec-y cloud, And some red from a rainbow bright; And put them together,
5. We shall always love the Stars and Stripes, And we mean to be ever true To this land of ours and the

ev-er grand, Like our own Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS

make a flag Of glorious "Red, White and Blue!"
is on high, For my stars and field of blue. Then hurrah for the flag, our county's flag, It's
side by side, For my stripes of red and white.
dear old flag, The Red the White the Blue.

stripes and white stars too; There is no flag in an-y land Like our own Red, White and Blue.

Michigan, My Michigan

DOUGLAS MALLOCH — W. OTTO MIESSNER

1. A song to thee, fair State of mine, Mich-i-gan, my Michi-gan; But greater song than
2. I sing a State of all the best, Mich-i-gan, my Michi-gan; I sing a State with
3. How fair the bosom of thy lakes, Mich-i-gan, my Michi-gan; What mel-o-dy each
4. Thou rich in wealth that makes a State, Mich-i-gan, my Michi-gan; Thou great in things that

this is thine, Michigan, my Mich-i-gan; The whisper of the forest tree, The thunder of the
rich-es bless'd, Michigan, my Mich-i-gan; Thy mines unmask a hidden store, But richer thy his-
riv-er makes Michigan, my Mich-i-gan; As to thy lakes thy rivers tend, Thy exiled children
make us great, Michigan, my Mich-i-gan; Our loyal voices sound thy claim Upon the golden

in-land sea, U-nite in one grand sympho-ny Of Michi-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
to-ric lore, More great the love thy build-ers bore, Oh, Michi-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
to thee send De-vo-tion that shall nev-er end, Oh, Michi-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
roll of Fame Our loy-al hands shall write the name Of Michi-gan, my Mich-i-gan.

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Illinois

C. H. CHAMBERLAIN (May also be sung to tune "Baby Mine".) WALTER HOWE JONES

1. By thy rivers gen - tly flow-ing Il - li-nois, Il - li-nois, O'er thy prairies verdant grow - ing, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, Comes an ech - o on the breeze, Rus-tling thro' the leaf - y trees, And its mel-low tones are these, Il - li - nois, Il - li-nois.
2. From a wil-der-ness of prairies Il - li-nois, Il - li-nois, Straight thy way and never var - ies, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, Till up - on the in-land sea, Stands thy great commer-cial tree, Turn-ing all the world to thee, Il - li - nois, Il - li-nois.
3. Not with-out thy wondrous sto - ry Il - li-nois, Il - li-nois, Can be writ the nation's glo - ry, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois; On the rec - ord of thy years, A - b'ram Lin-coln's name appears, Grant and Lo-gan, and our tears, Il - li - nois, Il - li-nois.

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Reuben and Rachel

MODIFIED BY M. H. H.

1. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a grand world this would be
   { O! my goodness, gra-cious Ra-chel, What a queer world this would be
2. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a gay life girls would lead,
   { Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing, Men would have a mer - ry time,
3. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, stop your teas-ing, If you've an - y love for me,
   { Ra-chel, if you'll not transport us, I will take you for my wife,

{ If the men were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
{ If the men were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
{ If they had no men a-bout them, None to tease them, none to heed.
{ If at once they were transport - ed Far be - yond the salt - y brine.
{ I was on - ly just a - fool - ing, As I thought of course you'd see.
{ And I'll split with you my mon - ey Ev - 'ry pay - day of my life.

NOTE: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duet number, the girls or women alternating with the boys or men through the several verses. The number may also be used effectively as a canon, in which case the first verse only would be used, the second part entering after the first part has sung two measures.

Marseillaise Hymn

(National Hymn of France)

R. DE L. — ROUGET DE LISLE

f *Lively march time*

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you
2. With lux-u - ry and pride sur-round - ed, The vile in - sa-tiate despots
3. O Lib-er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy gen-'rous

mf *p*

rise! Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their
dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un-bound-ed, To mete and vend the light and
flame? Can dungeons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful ty-rants, mischief
air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of burden would they
tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -

mf

breed-ing, With hireling hosts, a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and deso-late the
load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man, and who is
wail-ing That falsehood's dagger ty-rants wield; But free-dom is our sword and

ff

land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing?
more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
shield, And all their arts are un a - vail - ing.
} To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-

venging sword unsheathed! March on, march on! all hearts resolved on vic - to-ry or death.

The Maple Leaf Forever

A. L.

ALEXANDER MUIR

With spirit

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless he-ro came, And planted firm Bri-
2. At Queens-town Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For freedom, homes, and
3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound, May peace for-ev-er
4. On Mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile, God bless Old Scotland

tan-ia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave our boast and pride, And
loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd We
be our lot, And plen-teous store a-bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which
ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-'rald Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till

join in love to-geth-er, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose entwine The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
swear to yield them never, Our watch word ev-er-more shall be, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
dis-cord can-not sever, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
rocks and for-est quiv-er, God save our King, and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.

CHORUS

mf

The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er, God

f

save our King and Heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er.

March Of The Men Of Harlech

Welsh Poem translated
by William Duthie

Harmonized
by Joseph Barnby
WELSH AIR

mf March time

1. Men of Har-lech! hon-or calls us, No proud Saxon e'er ap-palls us!
2. Tho' our mothers may be weep-ing, Tho' our sisters may be keep-ing

rit.

On we march! whate'er befalls us, Nev-er shall we fly! Forward, lightly
Watch for some who now are sleeping On the bat-tle-field, Still the trumpet's

cresc.

bound-ing, To the trumpet's sounding; Forward ev-er, backward, ne'er, The
bray-ing Sounds on, ev-er say-ing, Let each bow-man pierce a foe, And

haughty foe as-tound-ing; Fight for father, sis-ter, mother, Each is bound to
nev-er stop the slay-ing, Till in-vaders learn to fear us, And no Saxon

ff

each as brother; And with faith in one an-oth-er, We will win or die!
lin-ger near us; Men of Wales! our God doth hear us, Never will we yield!

Dip, Boys, Dip The Oar

F. SARONA

1. 'Tis moon-light on the sea, boys, Our boat is on the strand; She
2. The zeph-yrs woo the spray, boys, Their laughter fills the air; We'll
3. What tho' the dark rocks frown, boys, Their home is on the shore; When

Dip, Boys, Dip The Oar—Continued

CHORUS

bids us all be free, boys, And seek a fair-er land.
bid them wake our song, boys, And steal away our care.
fairer lands ap- pear, boys, Our dangers will be o'er.

Dip, boys, dip the oar,

Bid farewell to the dusky shore; Freedom ours shall be, As we cross the deep blue sea.

Woodman, Spare That Tree

GEORGE POPE MORRIS — HENRY RUSSELL

1. Wood-man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin-gle bough; In youth it sheltered me, And I'll pro-tect it now; 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's hand, That
2. That old fa-mil-iar tree, Its glo-ry and re-nown Are spread o'er land and sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Wood-man, for-bear thy stroke! Cut
3. When but an i-dle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their gushing joy, Here, too, my sis-ters played; My moth-er kissed me here; My
4. My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wildbird sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, And,

placed it near his cot, There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
not its earth-bound ties; Oh! spare that a-ged oak, Now tow-'ring to the skies.
fa-ther pressed my hand, For-give this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand!
woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

Santa Lucia

NEAPOLITAN BOAT SONG

With swinging motion

1. Now 'neath the silver moon Ocean is glowing, O'er the calm bil-low Soft winds are blowing;
2. When o'er thy waters Light winds are playing, Thy spell can soothe us, All care al-lay-ing;

Here balmy breezes blow, Pure joys invite us, And as we gently row, All things delight us.
To thee, sweet Na-po-li, What charms are given, Where smiles creation, To il blest by heaven.

CHORUS

Hark, how the sailor's cry Joyous-ly echoes nigh: San-ta Lu - ci - a! Santa Lu - ci - a,

Home of fair Po-e-sy, Realm of pure Harmony, San-ta Lu - ci - a! Santa Lu - ci - a!

In The Gloaming

META ORRED

ANNIE F. HARRISON

Slowly

1. In the gloaming oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui - et
2. In the gloaming oh, my darling! think not bit-ter - ly of me! Though I passed a -

shad-ows, fall-ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go, When the winds are sob - bing
way in si-lence, left you lone - ly, set you free, For my heart was crushed with

In The Gloaming—Continued.

faintly with a gen-tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once
longing; what had been could never be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and

1 2 *rall* *cresc.*

long a go?
best for me It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

Last Night The Nightingale Woke Me

Moderately

HALFDAN KJERULF

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still; It
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night, I
3. O think not I can for-get you; I could not tho' I would; I

sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out the wood-land hill, I
wake, and would you were here, love, And tears are blinding my sight, I
see you in all a-round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The

o-pened my win-dow so gent-ly, I looked on the dreaming dew, And
hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float-ing thro' And
flow-ers that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-bove the blue, O

oh, the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you.
oh, the night, my dar-ling, Is sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you.
heav'n it-self, my dar-ling, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

The Old Oaken Bucket

E. KAILLMARK

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol -
2. That moss cov-ered buck-et I hailed as a treas-ure, For oft-en at
3. How sweet from the green, mossy brim to re-ceive it, As, poised on the

1. The or-chard, the meadow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved
2. I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleas-ure, The pur-est and
3. Not a full blushing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the

CHORUS: The old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered

Fine.

lec-tion pre-sents them to view! The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in-fan-cy knew:
noon, when re-turn'd from the field, How ar-dent I seized it, with hands that were
sweet-est that na-tu-e can yield.
curb, it in-clined to my lips! And now, far re-moved from the loved ha-bi -
nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips.

buck-et that hung in the well.

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my
glowing, And quick to the white peb-bled bot-tom it fell. Then soon, with the
ta-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-trus-ive-ly swell, As fan-cy re-

D.C. for Chorus

fa-ther, the dai-ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
emblem of truth o-ver-flow-ing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
verts to my father's plan-ta-tion, And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

The Spring

(Round)

Dr. HAYES

1 2

The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush. Hark! hark!

3

I hear them sing. The lin-net and the lit-tle wren, the black bird and the thrush.

Those Evening Bells

THOMAS MOORE

Moderately

Fine.

1. Those evening bells! those eve-ning bells! How man-y a tale their mu-sic tells,
2. Those joy-ous hours have passed a-way; And man-y a heart that then was gay,
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune-ful peal will still ring on,

D.C.

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.
With-in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.
While oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

When The Swallows Homeward Fly

CARL HERLOSSOHN

FRANZ ABT

1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the
3. Hush, my heart! why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes contain, Tho' on

nei-ther hill nor dale Chants the sil-v'ry nightingale; In these words my bleeding
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
earth no more we rove, Loud-ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-

heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im - age lose,
heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im - age lose,
lief, Yield-ing to these words belief; I shall see thy form a - gain,

Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I ah, can I e'er know repose?
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I ah, can I e'er know repose?
Though to-day we part a-gain, Though to - day we part a-gain.

Go To Sleep, Lena Darling

(Emmet's Lullaby)

J.K.E. J. K. EMMET

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my darling, While I sing your lul-la - by; Fear thou no
2. Bright be the morn-ing, my darling, When you ope your eyes Sunbeams glow all

danger, Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my darling, For your brother watches
'round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my darling, Blue and cloudless be the

nigh you, Lena dear. Angels guide thee, Le - na dear, my darling, Noth - ing e - vil
sky for Lena dear. Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my darling, Full of sweetest

can come near; Brightest flowers blow for thee, Darling ba - by dear to me.
mel - o - dy; An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Darling ba - by dear to me.

CHORUS

Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by,

Go to sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, oh, bye, Go to sleep, Le - na sleep.

The Loreley

HEINRICH HEINE — FRIEDRICH SILCHER

With a moderately quick motion

p

1. I know not what it pre - sa - ges, That
2. The most beau - ti - ful maid is re - clin - ing On the
3. It seiz - es with wild - est yearn - ing, The

I am so sad to - day; A leg - end of for - mer
cliff, so won - drous fair; Her glo - ri - ous jew - els are
boat-man, entranc'd in his skiff; He sees not the treach-er - ous

a - ges Will not from my tho'ts a - way. The
shin - ing, She is comb - ing her gold - en hair; With a
break - ers, He gaz - es a - lone on the cliff. And

dim. e rit.

air is cool and it dar-kles, The Rhine flows calm-ly on, The
gold - en comb she combs it, And sings a song there-by, That
soon will the waves en - gulf them, Both boat and boat-man strong, For

a tempo *rit.*

peak of the moun - tain sparkles In the glow of the eve-ning sun.
thrills with its mys - tic mean - ing, And pow-er-ful mel - o - dy.
thus in her toils hath she bound them, The Lore - ley with her song.

The Little Brown Church In The Vale

W. S. P.

WILLIAM S. PITTS

1. There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood, No lov - li - er place in the dale;
2. How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning To list to the clear ringing bell;

No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.
Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, O come to the church in the vale.

Come to the church in the wildwood, O come to the church in the

rit. *a tempo*

O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

rit.

dale;

After 2nd verse, repeat Cho. pp

come, come, come, No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.

Come, With Thy Lute

1. Come, with thy lute, to the fountain; Sing me a song of the mountain; Sing of the hap-py and
2. Come, where the zephyrs are straying, Where, mid the flowerbuds play-ing, Rambles the blithe summer
3. Why should we droop in our sadness? Nature, her promise of gladness Sheds o-ver land and o'er

free, There while the ray is de - clin - ing, While its last ro-ses are shining, Sweet shall our
bee; Let the lone churl, in his sorrow, He who de-spairs of the morrow, Far to his
sea; Come, bring thy lute to the fountain, Sing, love, a song of the mountain; Sweet shall our

Come With Thy Lute—Continued

mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin-den tree, Under the broad lin-den tree.
sol-i-tude flee, Un-der the dark cy-press tree, Under the dark cy-press tree.
mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin-den tree, Under the broad lin-den tree.

Un-der the lin-den tree. Under the lin-den tree.

Graduation Song

GEORGE COOPER — ANCIENT MELODY

Moderately quick

p

1. Our school-days now are past and gone, And yet we fond-ly lin-ger here; For sweet each joy that we have known: 'Tis sad to part from comrades dear. The world before us bright-ly lies, Yet here fond mem'ry loves to dwell; With
2. Long will our hearts re-call each joy That bound us in sweet friendship here; For time can nev-er-more de-stroy The light of mem-'ry burn-ing clear. Of oth-er scenes and oth-er cares Our lips must now their story tell; Each

cresc. *mf*

saddened hearts and dew-y eyes We bid to all a sweet fare-well!
heart your ten-der mem-'ry shares, Teach-ers and comrades, now fare-well!

Fare-well! Fare-well! We bid to all a sweet fare-well!
Fare-well! Fare-well! Teach-ers and com-rades, now fare-well!

mf

"Ye Olde Folkes' Concertte"

The songs "Revolutionary Tea," "Cousin Jedediah" and "Sound the Loud Timbrel" are examples of those which may be used to advantage in an Old Folks Concert. Programs of this type, made up of songs and recitations selected from among those popular in the days of the old time "Singing School," with the performers appropriately costumed, can be given in any community and are great fun. The more elderly people enjoy them because they bring back memories of an institution which, like the spelling match and husking bee, was important from a social standpoint. The younger people and children will be entertained by taking part in a program similar to one in which their grandparents often participated.

Revolutionary Tea

1. There was an old la - dy lived o - ver the sea, And she was an Is - land Queen, Her daughter lived off in a new countrie, With an o - cean of wa - ter be - tween;
2. "Now mother, dear mother," the daughter replied, "I sha'n't *do* the thing you ax, I'm will - ing to pay a fair price for the tea, But nev - er the three penny tax;"
3. And so, the old la - dy her servant called up, And packed off a budget of tea; And ea - ger for three pence a pound, She put in e - nough for a large fam-i - lie,
4. The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door, All down by the o - cean's side; And the bouncing girl pour'd out ev - 'ry pound In the dark and boil - ing tide;

"You shall," quoth the mother, and redden'd with rage, "For nev - er con - tent - ed was she, So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax, Of three pence a pound on her tea,
She order'd her ser-vants to bring home the tax, De- you're my own daughter, you see, And sure, 'tis quite pro - per the daughter should pay Her mother a tax on her tea,
And then she called out to the Is-land Queen, "O, claring her child should o - bey, Or old as she was, and al- most woman grown, She'd half whip her life away,
mother, dear moth - er," quoth she, "Your tea you may have when 'tis steep'd e-nough, But nev - er a tax from me,

Of three pence a pound on her tea.
Her moth - er a tax on her tea."
She'd half whip her life a - way.
But nev - er a tax from me."

Cousin Jedediah

H. S. THOMPSON

1. Oh! Jacob, get the cows home and put them in the pen, For the cousins are a-coming to
2. Now, O-bed, wash your face, boy, and tallow up your shoes, While I go to see Aunt Betty, and
3. And, Job, you peel the onions, and wash and fix the 'taters, We'll have them on the table in those
4. Tell Josh to put the colt in the double seated chaise, Let him just card down the cattle, give

see us all a-gain; The dowdy's in the pan, and the tur-key's on the fire,
tell her all the news; And, Kit-ty, slick your hair, and put on your Sunday gown,
shin-y painted waiters; Put on your bran new boots, and those trousers with the straps,
them a lit-tle hay; I'll wear my nice new bell-crown I bought of old U-ri-ah.

And we all must get read-y for Cous-in Jed-e-di-ah.
For Cousin Jed-e-di-ah comes right from Bos-ton town.
Aunt So-phia'll take a shine to you, if you look real slick, per-haps.
And I guess we'll as-ton-ish our Cous-in Jed-e-di-ah.

CHORUS

And Az-a-riah, And Aunt Sophia,

Cousin Jed-e-di-ah, There's Hezekiah, And Jed-e-di-ah,

All com-ing here to tea; Oh! won't we have a jol-ly time, Oh!

won't we have a jol-ly time! Je-ru-sha, put the ket-tle on, We'll all take tea.

Sound The Loud Timbrel

With spirit CHARLES AVISON

f

With spirit

1. Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E-gypt's dark- sea; ___ Je - ho - vah has tri-umph'd His
2. Praise to the con-quer- or, Praise to the Lord: ___ His word was our ar-row, His

peo-ple are free; Sing, for the pride of the ty - rant is bro - ken; His
breath was our sword Who shall re-turn to tell E - gypt the sto - ry Of

chari-ots, His horse-men all splen-did and brave; How vain was their boast-ing, the
those she sent forth in the hour of her pride? The Lord hath look'd out from His

Sound The Loud Timbrel–Continued

Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
pil-lar of glo-ry, And all her brave thousands are dashd in the tide.

Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E-gypt's dark sea; ___ Je-ho-vah has tri-umph'd, His
Praise to the Con-quer-or; Praise to the Lord: ___ His word was our ar-row — His

1 2 Coda *f*

peo-ple are free, peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free.
breath was our sword, breath was our sword, His breath was our sword His breath was our sword.

f *tr*

I Cannot Sing The Old Songs

Mrs. C.B. — Mrs. Charles Barnard

Slowly

1. I can-not sing the old songs, I sang long years a-go, For heart and voice would fail me, And fool-ish tears would flow; For by-gone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa-mil-iar strain. I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-gain.
2. I can-not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their melodies would wa-ken Old sor-rows from their sleep, And tho' all un-for-got-ten still, and sad-ly sweet they be, I can-not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
3. I can-not sing the old songs, For vis-ions come a-gain Of gold-en dreams de-part-ed And years of wea-ry pain, Per-haps when earthly fet-ters shall have set my spir-it free, My voice may know the old songs, For all e-ter-ni-ty.

Good-Night, Ladies

Male Quartette — College Song

1. Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Roll along, roll along, Merrily we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

The Bull-Dog

COLLEGE SONG

MALE VOICES

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him,
3. Says the monkey to the owl:
4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,

Oh! the bull-dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to
Says the monkey to the
Pharaoh's daughter on the

SOLO, FIRST BASS

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Little Mo- ses in the pool.

CHORUS. *Lively* (MALE QUARTETTE)

bank,
catch him,
owl:
bank,

Air

f

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the
Says the monkey to the owl: "Oh!
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, Lit-tle

SOLO, SECOND BASS *rit. ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Little Mo-ses in the pool.

bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old water-fool.
snapper caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a laughing, To see him wag his jaw.
what'll you have to drink?" "Why since you are so very kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."
Mo-ses in the pool, She fish'd him out with a telegraph pole, And sent him off to school.

Singing tra la la la la la, Singing tra la la la la la, Singing
leil-i - o, leil-i - o,

Repeat pp

tra la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.
leil-i - o.

Sailing

G. F.

GODFREY MARKS

f

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our lee, And
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing sea; And

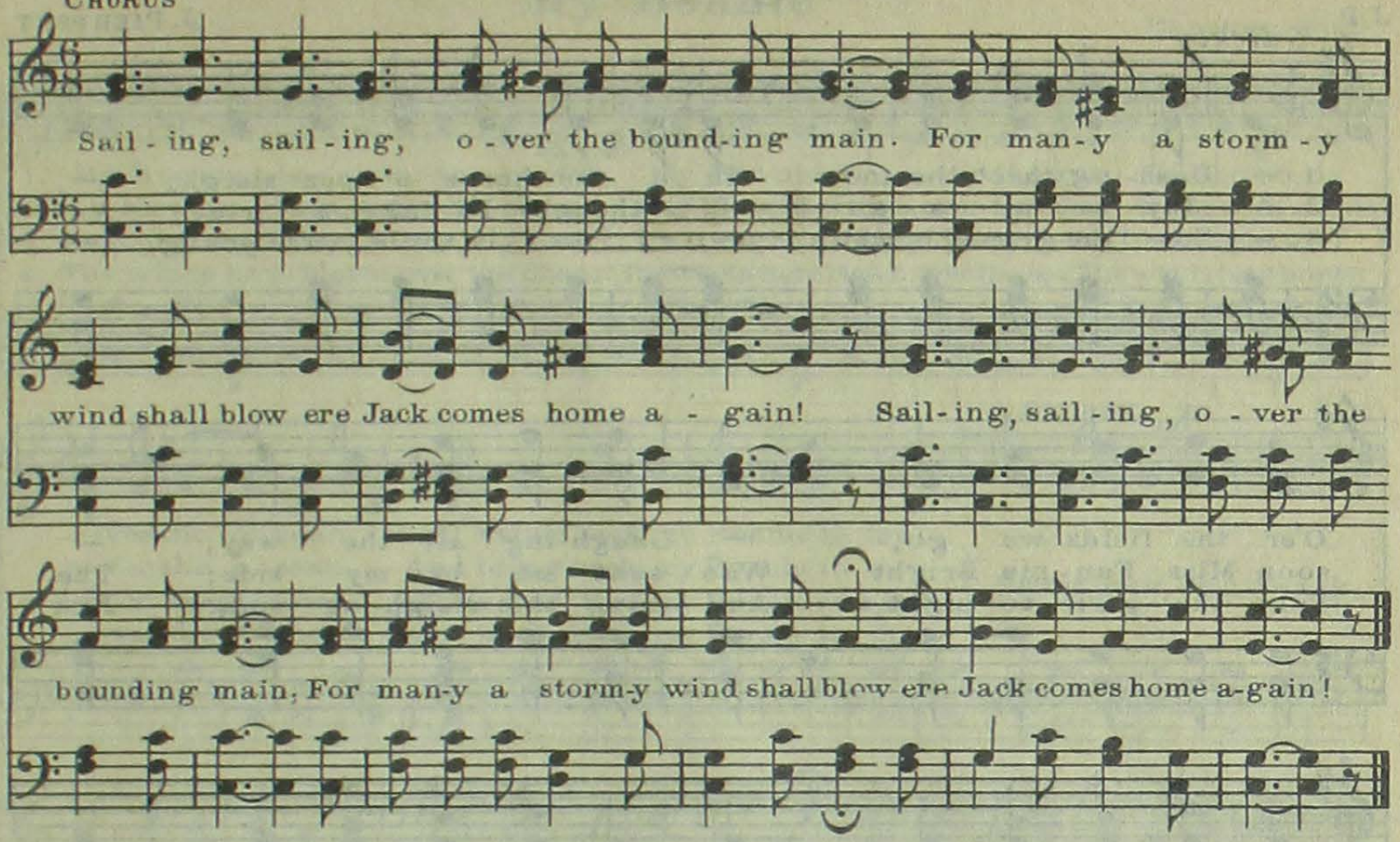
soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall brave - ly steer. But ere we
nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launches on the wave; A - far he

part from Freedom's shores to-night, A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright. Then here's to the
speeds in distant climes to roam, With joyous song he rides the sparkling foam. Then here's to the

sail - or and here's to the soldier, too, Hearts will beat for him up - on the waters blue.
sail - or and here's to the soldier, too, Hearts will beat for him up - on the waters blue.

Sailing—Continued

CHORUS

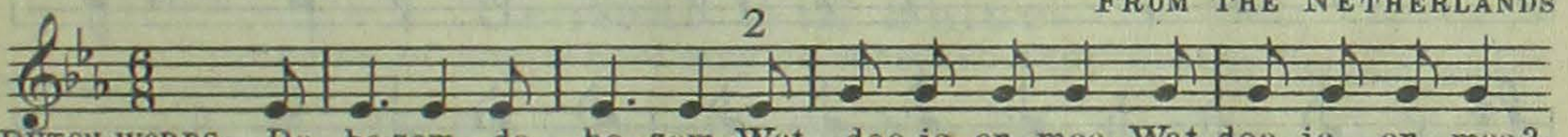


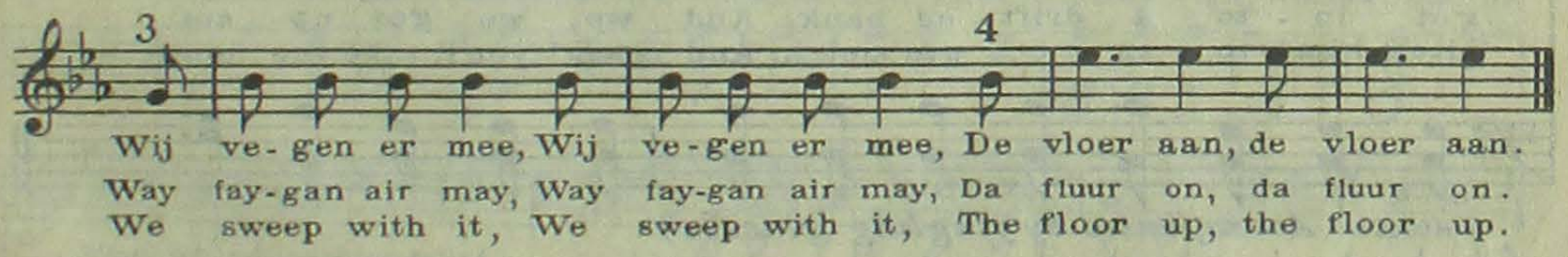
De Bezem

(Round)

This Dutch round is great fun, whether the singers can pronounce the words correctly or not. The phonetic pronunciation, with translation is given below.

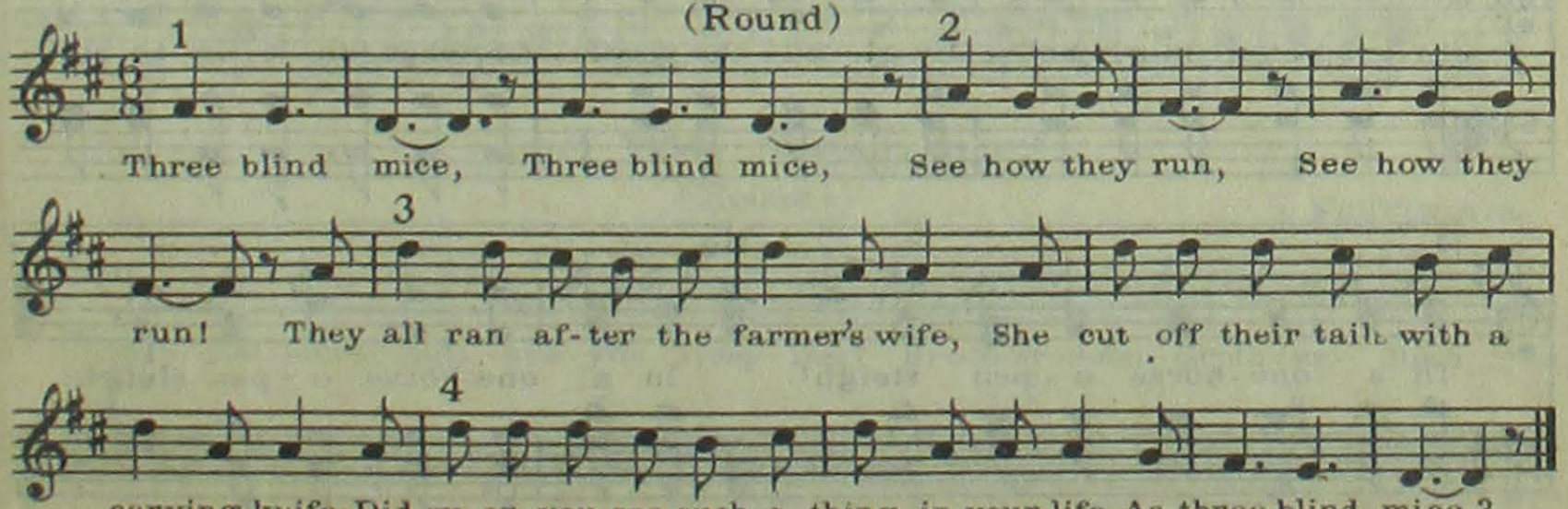
FROM THE NETHERLANDS





Three Blind Mice

(Round)



Jingle, Bells

J. P.

J. PIERPONT

Quickly

1. — Dash-ing thro' the snow In a one horse o - pen sleigh, —
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
3. — Now the ground is white, — Go it while you're young, —

O'er the fields we go, — Laugh-ing all the way; —
soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The
Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleigh-ing song; Just

Bells on bob - tail ring, — Mak - ing spir - its bright, What
horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He
get a bob-tailed nag, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS (*Accompanied by jingling glasses*)

Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride

1 In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

2 In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

My Bonnie

COLLEGE SONG

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is
2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And blow, ye winds, over the sea, O blow, ye winds,
3. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I
4. The winds have blown over the ocean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown

CHORUS

o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bonnie to me.
o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bonnie to me.
lay on my pil-low, I dream'd that my Bonnie was dead.
o - ver the o-cean, And bro't back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back,

Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Central Will Shine

(The name of any school may be substituted for "Central")

MALE QUARTETTE

SCHOOL SONG

Cen-tral will shine to-night, Central will shine, She'll shine in beauty bright All down the line,

Won't we look neat to night,
Dress'd up so fine;
When the sun goes down And the moon goes up
Central will shine

Are You Sleeping?

(Round)

FRENCH AIR

1 2

Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing? Broth-er John, Broth - er John,

3 4

Morn-ing bells are ring-ing, Morning bells are ringing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

Solomon Levi

COLLEGE SONG

My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi And my store's on Sa-lem Street; That's

where to buy your coats and vests And ev-'ry-thing else that's neat;

Sec-ond hand-ed ul-ster-ettes And o-ver-coats so fine, For

all the boys that trade with me at Hundred and for-ty-nine.

Fine.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.

O, Sol-o-mon Le-vi Tra-la-la-la-la.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, *D.S. al Fine.*

Poor Sol-lie Le-vi, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, My

la-la, My

The Spanish Cavalier

W. D. H. — WM. D. HENDRICKSON

1. A Span - ish Cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And on his gui - tar played a tune, dear; The mu - sic so sweet, Would oft - times re - peat The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
2. I'm off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun - try and you, dear; But if I should fall, In vain I would call, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re - turn, A - gain to my coun - try and you, dear; But if I be slain, You may seek me in vain, Up - on the bat - tle - field you will find me.

CHORUS

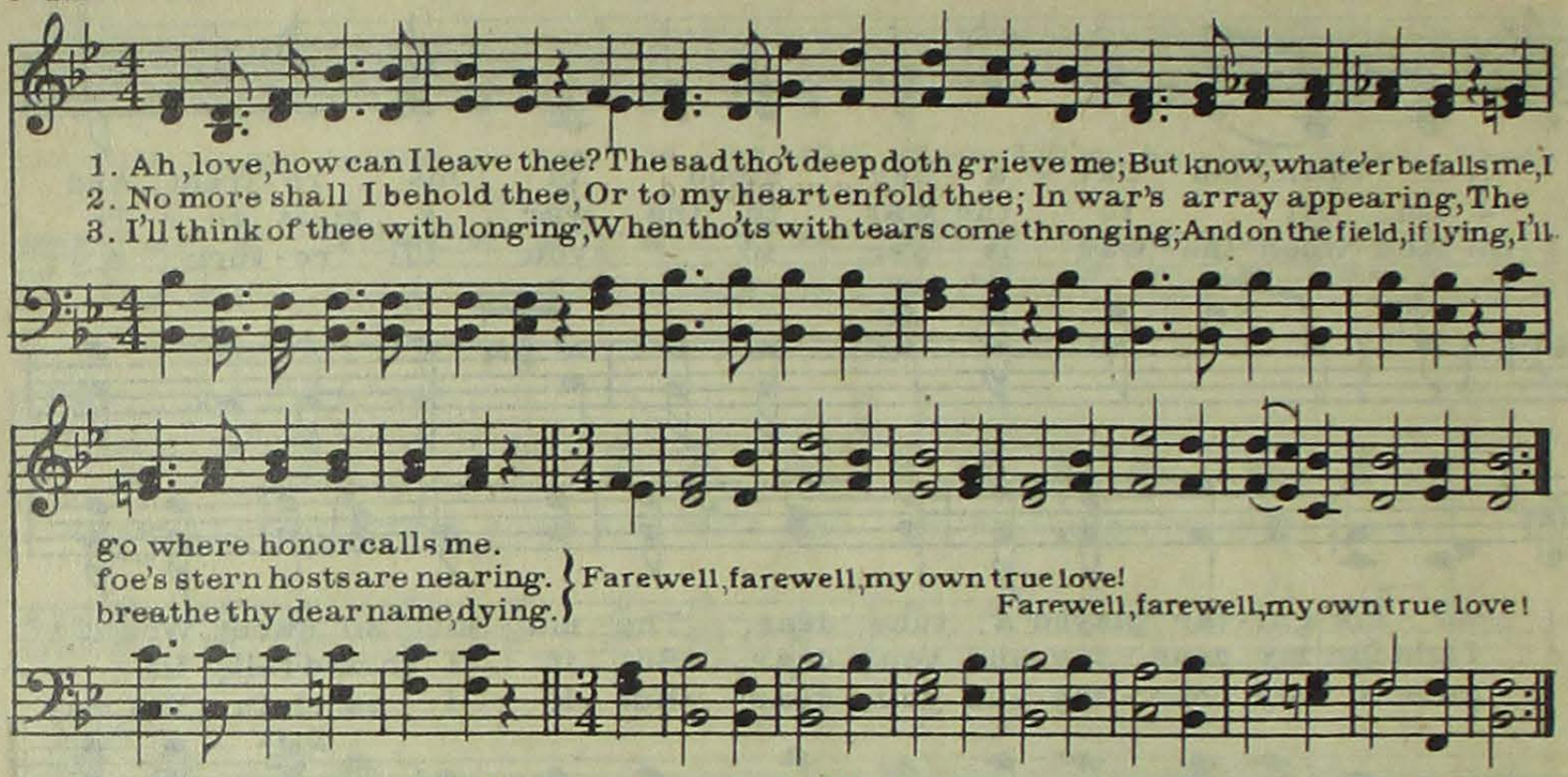
Oh, say, darling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some - times you may think of me, dear; Bright sunny days will soon fade away, Re - member what I say, and be true, dear.

A Vocal Combat

"The Spanish Cavalier" and "Solomon Levi" may be sung simultaneously by two groups of singers. The groups should be of equal strength and each group rehearsed on its song until it can sing it well. Then, under some capable leader who will mark the rhythm with strongly accented beat, let the two groups sing the numbers together. There should be no attempt at piano accompaniment. Singers of all ages will enjoy the "stunt".

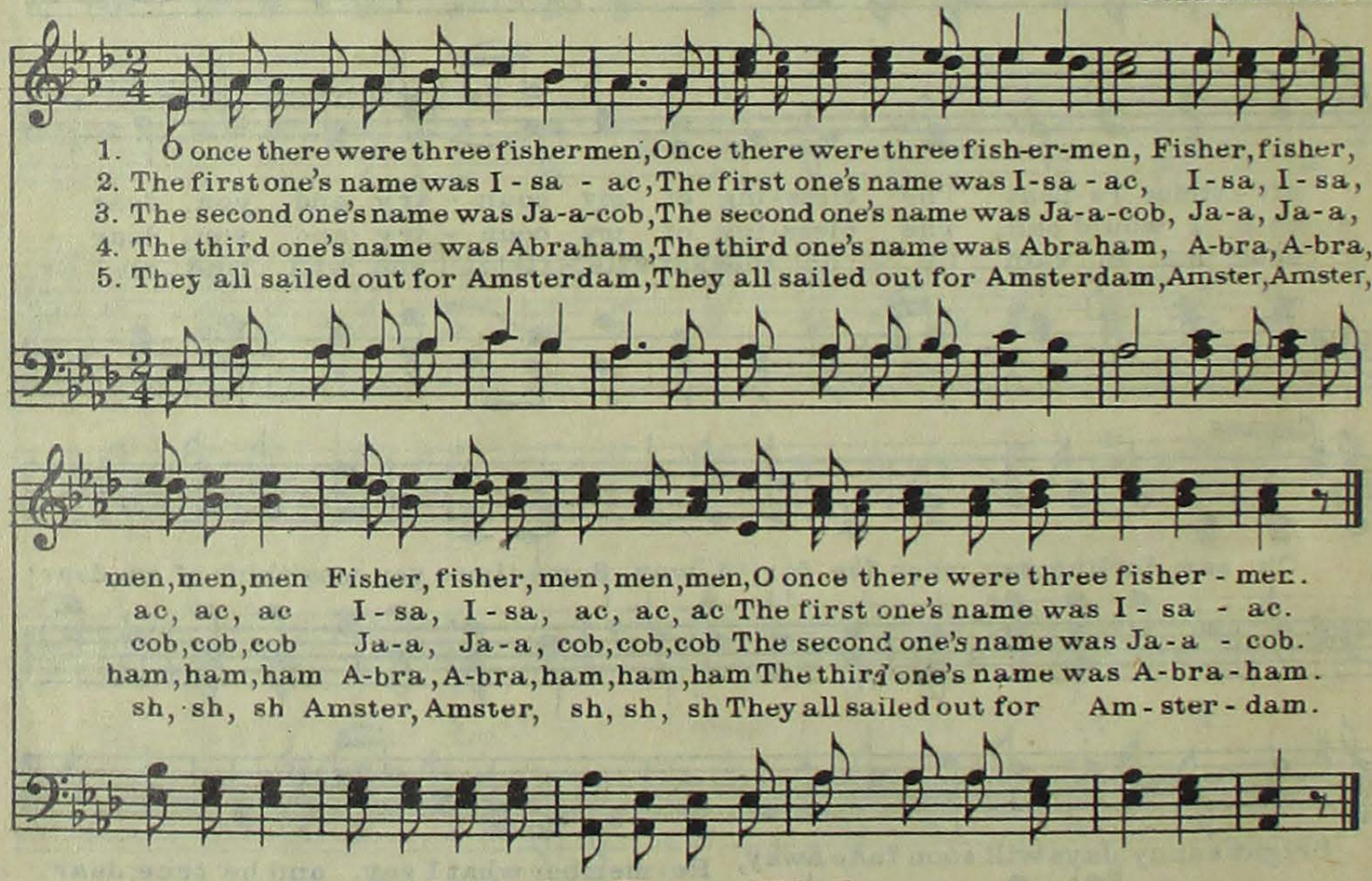
The Soldier's Farewell

J.K. JOHANNA KINKEL



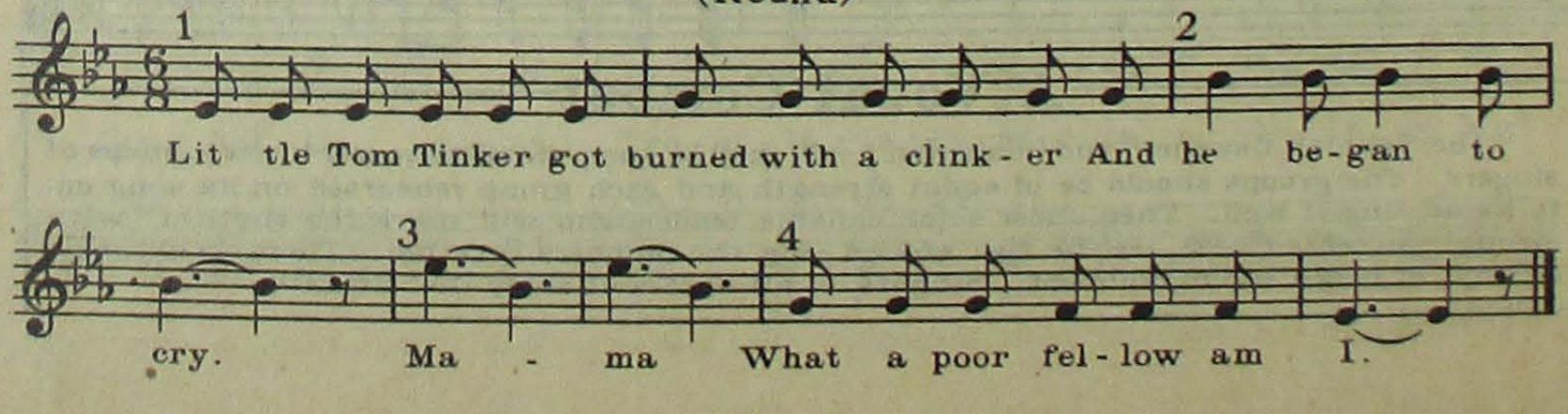
The Three Fishermen

COLLEGE SONG



Little Tom Tinker

(Round)



Gaily The Troubadour

T. H. B.

THOMAS H. BAYLY

1. Gai - ly the Troubadour touch'd his guitar, When he was hastening home from the war.
2. She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept; Sad - ly she thot of him when others slept.
3. Hark 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name, Under the battlement softly he came;

Singing: "From Pales-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"
Singing: "In search of thee would I might roam, Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home!"
Singing: "From Pales-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"

The Quilting Party

COLLEGE SONG

In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;

Fine.

And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

CHORUS

D.S. al Fine

I was see-ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home;

Merrily, Merrily

(Round)

1 2

Mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, greet the morn; Cheer - i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.

3 4

Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way.

"Stunt" Songs

The Golden Book of Favorite Songs will be found invaluable for use at banquets, community meetings and other adult gatherings. For such occasions, a short time devoted to singing will do more to unify the people and bring them into a neighborly and co-operative spirit than anything else possible. Have an adequate supply of books and secure a competent leader of singing. This leader need not be a great musician but must possess qualities of leadership and a strong sense of rhythm. In addition to patriotic songs and the old songs known and loved universally, a few good "stunt" numbers are in order. Several of these follow together with some standard popular numbers.

Welcome, Neighbor

(Tune for following is first phrase of Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star, page 84.)

Welcome, neighbor, how do you do?
We're mighty glad to meet with you.

Hello Speaker

Hello, speaker, we're your friend,
We'll stay with you until the end.

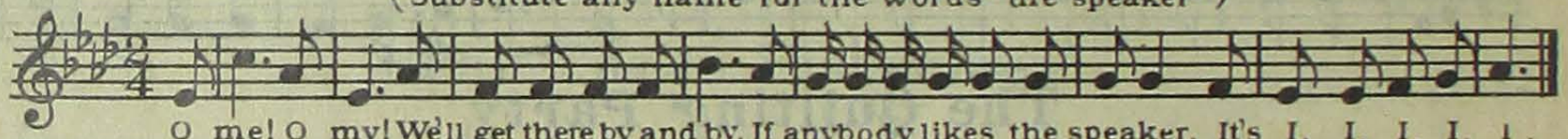
Hail, Hail

(Key of G)

Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
Never mind the weather,
Let the trouble start RIGHT NOW.
Here we are together
Hail, hail, the gang's all here

O Me! O My! (A Toast)

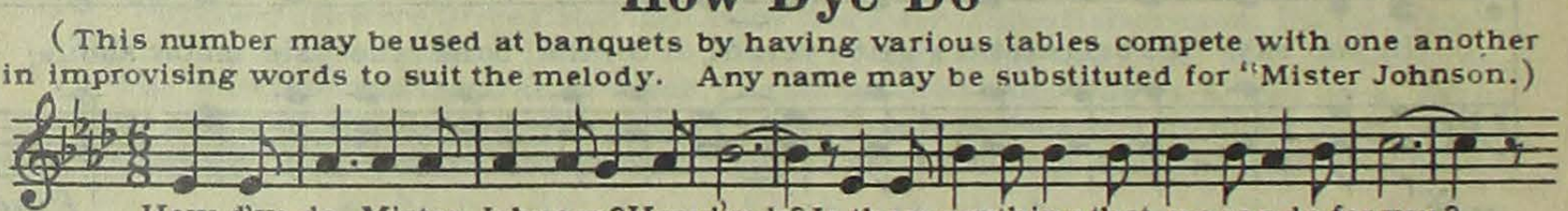
(Substitute any name for the words "the speaker")



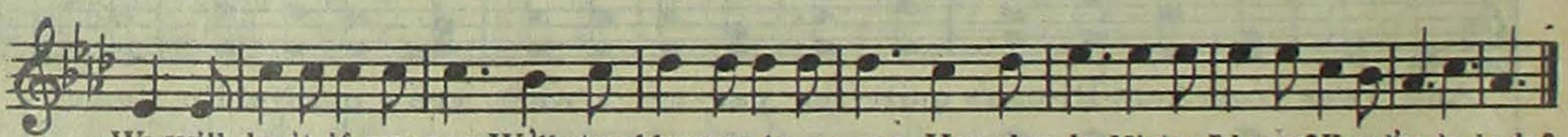
O me! O my! We'll get there by and by. If anybody likes the speaker, It's I, I, I, I, I.
O my! O me! We're hap-py as can be. If anybody likes the speaker, It's me, me, me, me, me.

How D'ye Do

(This number may be used at banquets by having various tables compete with one another in improvising words to suit the melody. Any name may be substituted for "Mister Johnson.)

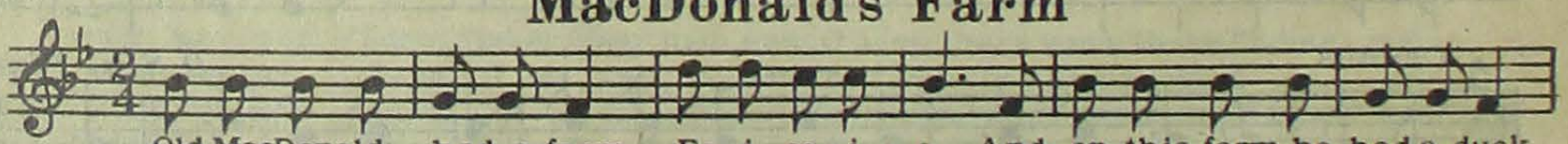


How d'ye do, Mister Johnson? How d'ye do? Is there anything that we can do for you?

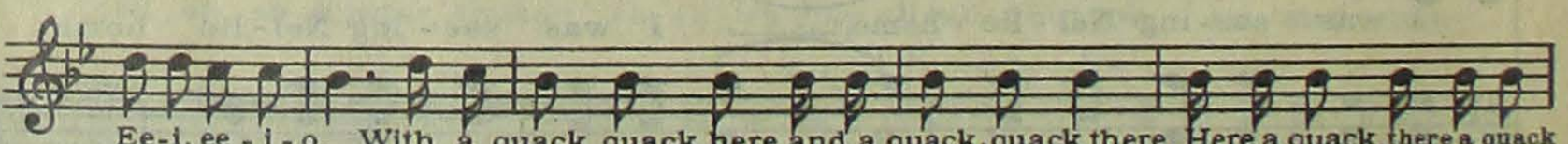


We will do it if we can, We'll stand by you to a man. How dye do, Mister Johnson? How d'ye do, do, do?

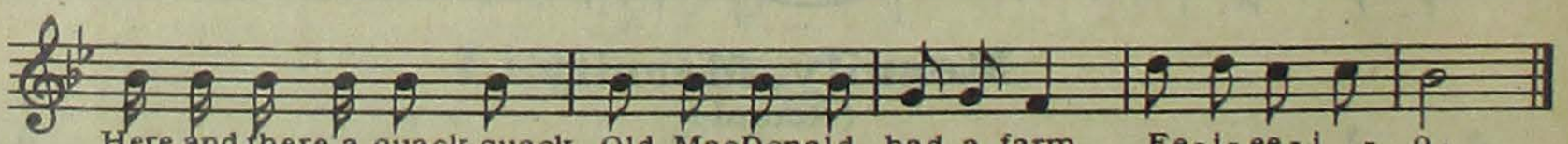
MacDonald's Farm



Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-i, ee-i-o, And on this farm he had a duck



Ee-i, ee-i-o, With a quack, quack here and a quack, quack there, Here a quack, there a quack



Here and there a quack, quack, Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-i-ee-i-o.

Continue indefinitely by using names and sounds of other animals. Do not overlook the Ford, with its "rattle," as a necessary farm adjunct.

The Mummy Song

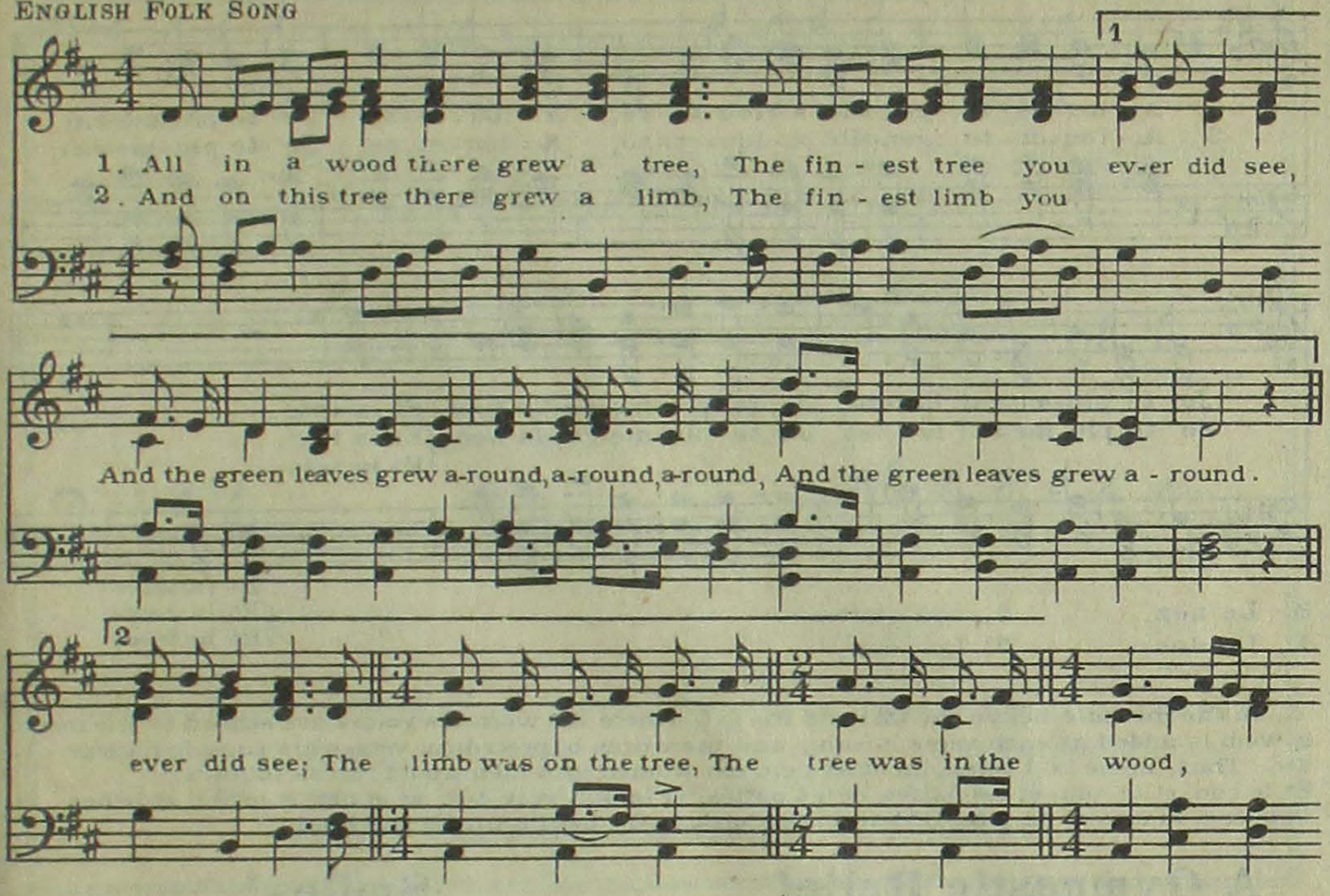
(Tune—"The Long, Long Trail"—Key of G)

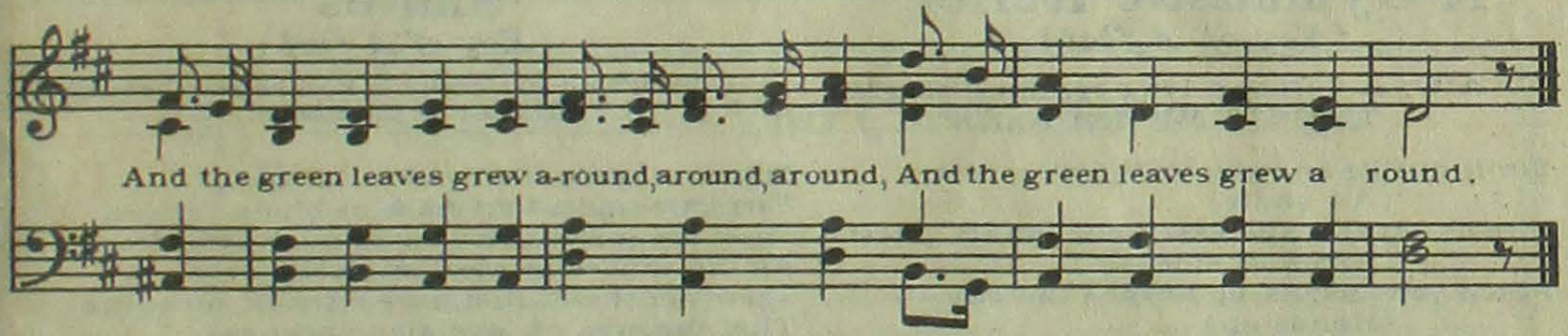
It's a short, short life we live here
So let us give while we may
And a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day.

What's the use of looking gloomy,
Or what's the use of our tears,
When we know a Mummy's had no fun
For more'n Three-Thousand Years.

The Tree In The Wood

ENGLISH FOLK SONG





3. Branch. 4. Nest. 5. Egg. 6. Yolk. 7. Bird 8. Wing. 9. Feather.

As each item is added in successive verses, the preceding items are repeated in reverse order. Thus the last verse would run as follows:

And on the wing there was a feather,
The finest feather you ever did see,
The feather was on the wing,
The wing was on the bird,
The bird was in the yolk,
The yolk was in the egg,
The egg was in the nest,
The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

Ham and Eggs

(Tune—Tammany—Key of D)

Leader: Ham and Eggs.
Echo: Ham and Eggs.
L: I like mine fried good and brown.
E: I like mine fried upside down.
L. Ham and Eggs.
E: Ham and Eggs.
L: Flip 'em.
E: Flop 'em.
L: Flip 'em.
E: Flop 'em.
All: Ham and Eggs.

A Laugh Provoker

(Tune—Battle Hymn of the Republic)

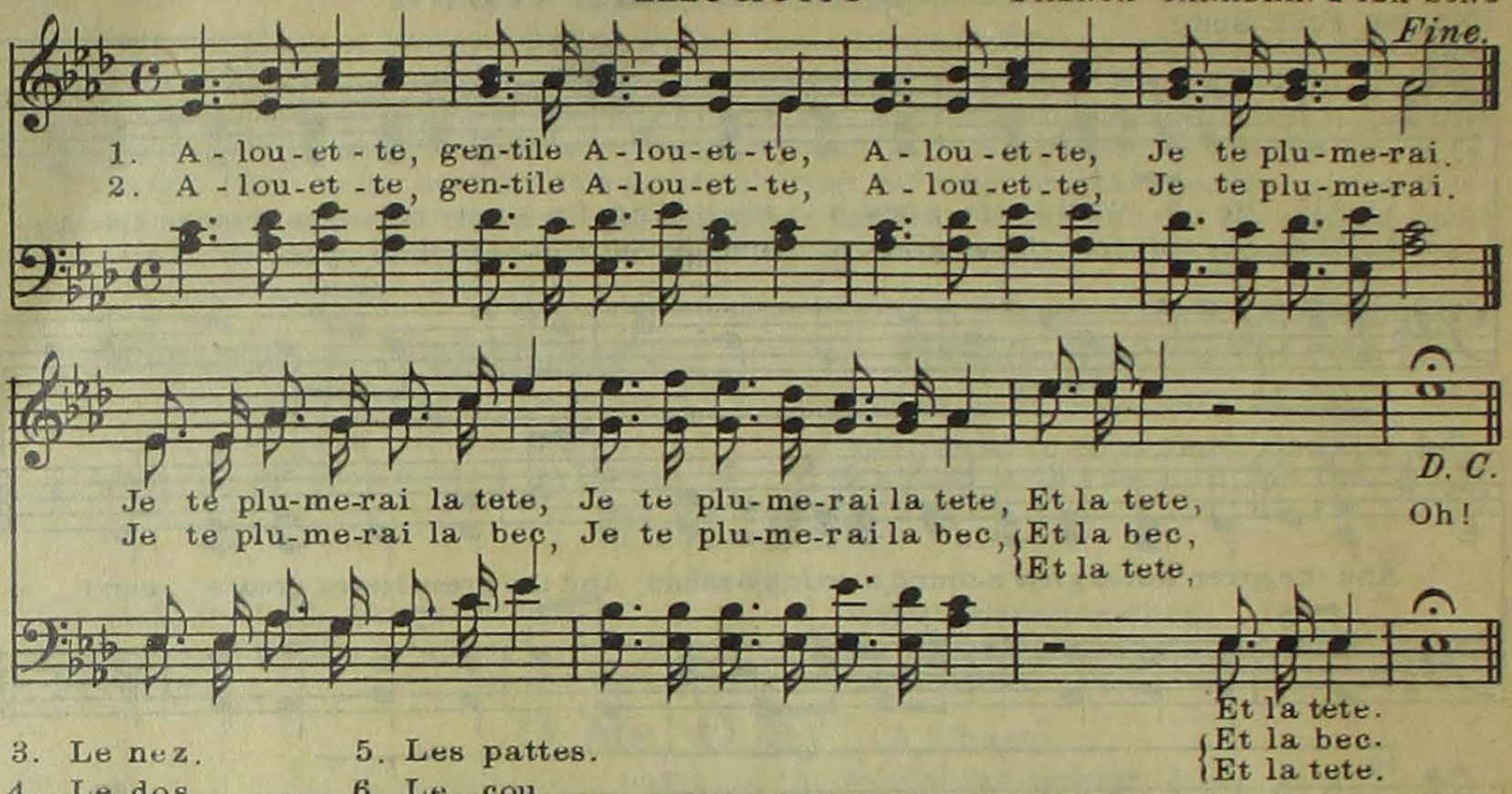
For music see page 12.

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.
So smile when you're in trouble,
It will vanish like a bubble,
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to s-m-i-l-e.

SECOND VERSE L-a-u-g-h
THIRD VERSE G-r-i-n, Grin
FOURTH VERSE Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

Alouette

FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK SONG



3. Le nez.
4. Le dos.
5. Les pattes.
6. Le cou.

In the measure before the Oh! and the D.C. where the women's voices are echoed by the men's, a word is added as each verse is sung and the words of preceding verses are sung in reverse order. Thus, in the last verse, the duet between women and men would run as follows:
Et le cou, et le cou; et les pattes, et les pattes; et le dos, et le dos; et le nez, et le nez; et la bec, et la bec; et la tete, et la tete; Oh! and then back to the beginning to the Fine.

A Gymnastic Relief

(Key of A flat)

After or during a long speaking program
TUNE—Till We Meet Again

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,
(All smile)
Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest,
(Arms to side)
Reach your hands up toward the sky,
(Hands up)
While you watch them with your eye.
(Heads up)
Jump awhile, and shake a leg there sir!
(Jump lively)
Now step forward, backward--as you were.
(Step back and forth)
Then reach right out to someone near,
(Shake hands with neighbor)
Shake his hand and smile.
(All smile)

The Long Trail*

(Key of A flat)

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There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

Smiles*

(Key of A flat)

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There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine,
Are the smiles that you give to me.

Perfect Day*

(Key of A flat)

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When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought;
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart?
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part.

Well this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For memory has painted this perfect day
In colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

** Complete words and music may be had from the publishers named.*

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